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MARCH 7, 1980

Brian Crozier asks:
WHERE ARE OUR ALLIES?
—See page 272

NATIONAL REVIEW

CONNALLY

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Marching Through Georgia

RICHARD BROOKHISER

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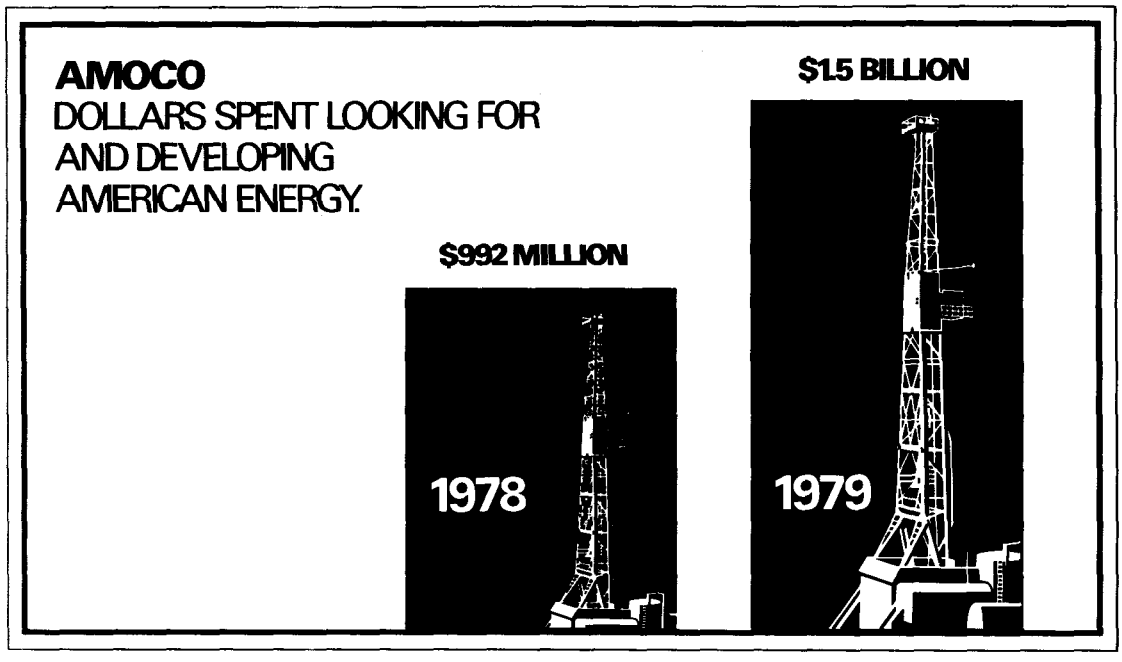
How Amoco spent its money in 1979 finding oil and natural gas in America.



We helped drill more wells in the U.S. than ever before.
During this past year, Amoco Production Company helped drill 2,167 new oil and natural gas wells in this country—more than ever before. And our work has led to the discovery of substantial new reserves of oil and natural gas for America.

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Most of this money was spent in searching for traditional oil and natural gas, but we put a lot of dollars into other forms of energy, too—like oil shale and gasohol.

We made 2.8¢ per gallon on the petroleum products we sold in the U.S.
You hear a lot these days about "excessive oil profits." But when you get right down to it, the amount of money we earn from each gallon of petroleum product sold is only about 2.8¢ per gallon. Earnings are vital to our business. They help us develop new supplies of American energy... and create jobs along the way. But most of the money you spend on gasoline is going right into the pockets of the foreign countries that supply crude oil.

We're paying more for foreign oil than ever before.
Foreign oil prices have risen dramatically in the last 12 months. At Amoco, we paid $3.8 billion for foreign oil last year—$1.5 billion more than we paid in 1978. And the amount of money America spent on foreign oil jumped from $40 billion in 1978 to about $60 billion last year; even though the amount of oil America actually imported remained nearly the same. Right now, America imports nearly half the oil it uses. The only real answer to excessive foreign oil imports—and the damage this causes to America's economy—is to find and develop more American energy.

We want to outdo ourselves in 1980.
Our country's energy problem is still with us. It's a fact that conventional oil and natural gas will remain our country's primary fuels into the next century... but known reserves are being used up. We plan to spend even more in 1980 to drill more wells and make more progress in synthetic fuel development. We are going to do our best to help get you the energy you need.

America runs better on American oil.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

MARCH 7, 1980
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CONNALLY

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John Connally saw the nomination as a battle between himself and Ronald Reagan. But his strategy has been thrown for a loop by the emergence of George Bush. As a result, the Southern primaries—where he had hoped to attack Reagan's strength—will test his own ability to survive. Our man watched this most impressive candidate in action, and describes the complex responses he evokes. *Richard Brookhiser*

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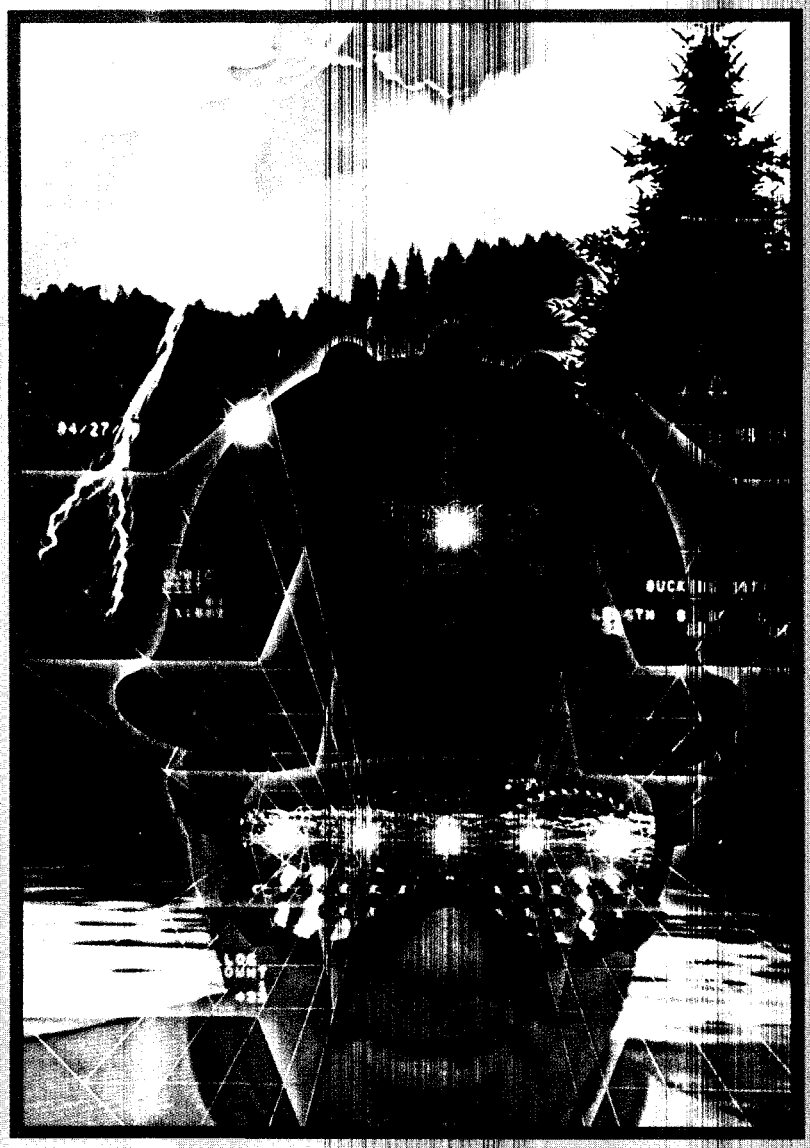

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Letters

Inescapable Issue

What a rich and colorful portrait of Ronald Reagan Mr. Brookhiser has drawn ["Where's the Rest of Him?" Feb. 22]! One wouldn't have thought that so many one-liners could be associated with Ronnie. But the piece was more than entertaining and informative (I wasn't aware, until now, of the reasons for Reagan's political conversion). There was an undertone of wistfulness, even nostalgia, in the article—not unlike the feeling one has for an aging beauty who has lost her power to arouse, but who still commands our devotion and respect.

Mr. Brookhiser never mentions Reagan's age (except once as a lead-in to Reagan's impish rejoinder), and it does seem possible that what I read as nostalgia, he *wrote* only out of love. Yet the awkward issue of age seems inescapable. Reagan is *the* great warrior for the cause. He still commands our love. He still commands our devotion. But we fret . . .

Joshua Rosenberg
New Orleans, La.

Geography Lesson

Your February 8 issue was one of the finest. I concur in nearly every detail.

However (now don't be alarmed), there seems to be a geographic error in the Gorrell cartoon on p. 151. If Afghanistan is straight ahead, then Iran must be to the right, and Pakistan to the left. Would that the Russian direction-finders were so faulty.

John Reddick
Denver, Colo.

Nautical Notes

In Neal Freeman's column entitled "Dear Mr. President" [Feb. 8] we find the following: "I am including in your night reading a monograph on Thomas Jefferson and the dreadful decision he faced in 1807 after the sinking of the *Chesapeake*." I must say that, if "Mr. President" is getting advice and information on all matters with like accuracy, then I know the reason for his misadventures.

FACT: The *USS Chesapeake* was attacked and boarded by the British ship *HMS Leopard* in 1807. Four alleged British deserters were removed from the hapless *Chesapeake*. The *Chesapeake* was humiliated and beaten but not sunk. Mr. Jefferson's dilemma was how to handle the impressment issue.

The *USS Chesapeake* remained on active duty with the U.S. Navy until 1813. On June 1, 1813, under the new command of Captain James Lawrence, she sailed from Boston Harbor. Thirty miles out of the harbor she was engaged by the British frigate *HMS Shannon*, 52 guns, commanded by Captain Philip B. V. Broke. The engagement lasted about 15 minutes. Captain Lawrence was wounded in the hip in the first salvo and later sustained a mortal body wound. As he was carried from the deck, he issued the famous and heroic order—"Don't give up the ship!" With all officers dead or dying, the *Chesapeake* was *captured* by the *Shannon*, not sunk. She sailed under a prize crew to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and later to England.

So the *Chesapeake* was not sunk during the Presidency of Mr. Jefferson, in 1807, but was captured in 1813, during the Presidency of Mr. Madison.

Lewis J. Birt
Red Bank, N.J.

Chronicles of Time

Like most seductive, good-looking men, Richard Brookhiser tends to make people about whom he writes look a bit older. The *Chronicles of Culture* ["A Chronicle's Recipe," Feb. 8] is, in fact, not three but two years old; making us older by half our age seems to us a bit improper.

Moreover, the last paragraph of his illuminating and superbly written report may give the impression that our contributors are recruited mostly from the prairies. Our best (and most prolific) friends and authors are from between SoHo and 86th Street, Queens and West End Avenue.

Leopold Tyrmand
Editor, Chronicles of Culture
Rockford, Ill.

Kudos

I usually do not write letters to the editor, but I cannot help complimenting you on the January 4 issue, in particular the article by Miles Copeland, "Why the Soviets Aren't Worried," which should be made required reading for *everybody*.

Also, the review by Peter Witonski of Henry Kissinger's book was excellent.

Arthur Spitzer
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Not Economist but Pastor

I have been hoping to see a trenchant refutation of "The Pope as Economist" ["On the Right," Nov. 9] in your "Letters" section, but alas, the job seems to have been left for me.

It is surprising that Mr. Buckley, a man who seems usually to prefer voluntary action by individuals to the coercive action

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of the state, should misconstrue the Holy Father's command (as indeed it was) to "take of [our] substance, and not just of [our] abundance" to help the poor. The Pope was not speaking primarily to the U.S. Government, nor even to the American people taken collectively, but to each of us individually. *Cor ad cor loquitur.*

Mr. Buckley criticizes the Pope for faulty economics, but I saw no reports of papal advocacy of deficit spending, of enlarging the bureaucracy, or of unleashing regulatory agencies. According to my reading of *NR*, these, and not private charity, are the main causes of the "international humiliation of the dollar" of which Mr. Buckley speaks. If I give a dollar to a poor man (or to *NR*) am I guilty of contributing to "world recession" and "an intensification on a disastrous scale of world misery"? Dear me.

Calling John Paul II's exhortation bad economics is like calling Mr. Buckley's criticism bad botany. One is simply missing the point.

The Holy Father came not as an economist but as a *pastor*. That point, at least, the popular press did get right, and, amazingly enough, Mr. Buckley seems to have gotten it wrong.

William G. White, MD
Franklin Park, Ill.

Russian Genius

While I agree with Mr. Edmund Stillman ["Is Soviet Technology a Paper Tiger?" Feb. 8] that Soviet production is shoddy (though perhaps he is a little optimistic about the shoddiness of their militar hardware) I cannot agree that Commu nism has so little to do with it. Wha about central planning and the norms sys tem, for example? Following Mr. Still man's logic, one would also have to sa that the catastrophic state of Soviet agri culture is due, not to Communist collect ivism, but to some built-in Russian geniu for messing up agriculture. How then dic Imperial Russia, at various points in his tory, feed half of Europe? Shoddy as part of Russia may have looked to foreigner in pre-revolutionary days, I never hear Russian craftsmanship and manufacture a that time described as shoddy. For exam ple, in World War I Imperial Russia hac two thousand excellent home-designed anc -built combat aircraft (the U.S. had non at the front) including the world's firs two- and four-engine bombers, designec by the same Sikorsky who became an as set to American aviation after the adven of Lenin & Co.

David Chavchavadze
Washington, D.C

Erratum

A sinister force altered a sentence in "Where's the Rest of Him?" [Feb. 22] which should have read: "Reagan . . . returned several billion dollars in rebates and left Pat's son, Jerry, with the surplus which now takes up the slack of Proposition 13. Reagan also pushed Proposition 1, a proposal to limit the percentage of income the state may take in taxes . . ."

—RB

Vexing Taxes

William F. Buckley Jr.'s collaboration with three liberal Democrats in support of a fifty-cent-per-gallon tax on gasoline (a proposal reiterated most recently by presidential candidate John Anderson) is less disturbing to this conservative than the fact that Mr. Buckley of all people should fall into the classic liberal trap of supporting a federally administered program which is attractive in theory but will only create more problems than it solves ["On the Right," Jan. 25].

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The first Prize was received by Monsieur Jean Monnet on November 15, 1975, in Paris, France.

The second Prize was awarded the following three individuals on October 20, 1978, in New York City: Mr. Jack Greenberg, Director-Counsel, the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, Inc., The Reverend Theodore M. Hesburgh, President, University of Notre Dame, and Mr. Sydney Kentridge of Johannesburg, South Africa.

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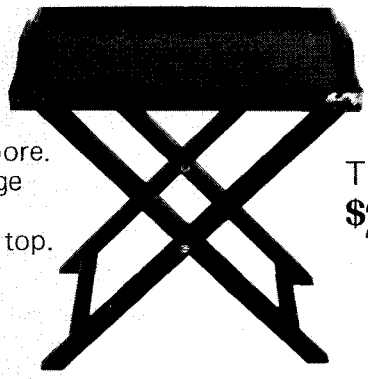

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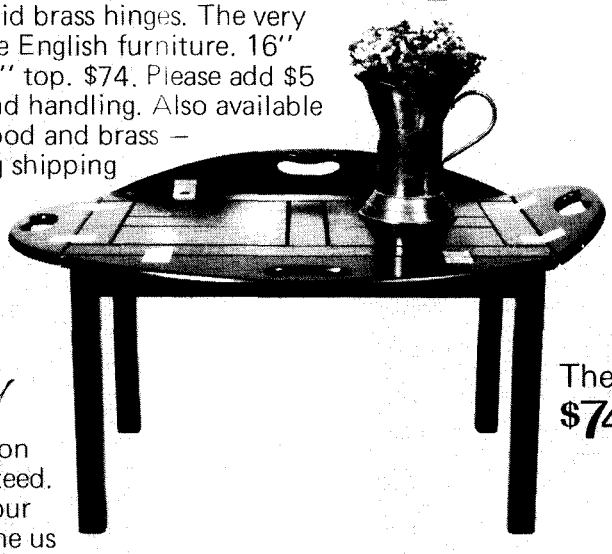

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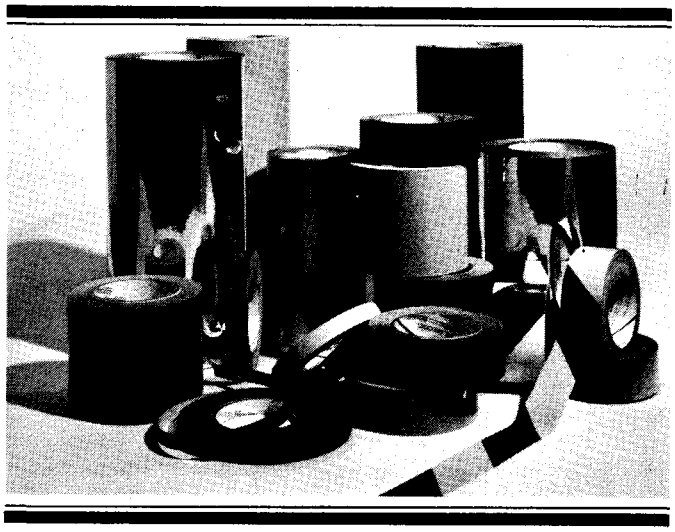

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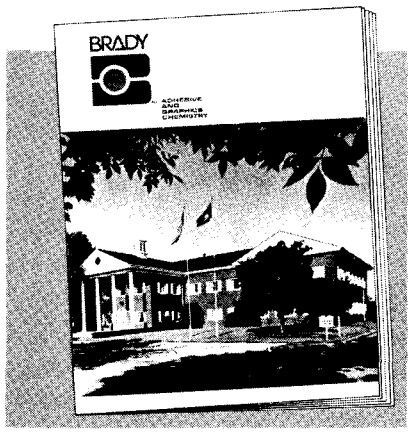

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First, in reference to the portion of th proposal which provides for the offsettin of the increased gas costs by returning th tax proceeds to the public in some man ner, Mr. Buckley suggests that the redis tribution be in such form "as Congres shall designate." To give Congress such latitude will subject the redistribution o the tax proceeds to political considera tions. Any hope of an equitable redistri bution will be immediately lost.

Second, even if Congress would se aside political considerations (which i like asking the Soviet Politburo to se aside Marxist ideology) any system of re distribution will itself be inherently in equitable. With the possible exception o an exemption for those who depend or driving for their livelihood, the redistribu tion of tax proceeds would have to b made uniform. Any attempt to tailor th redistribution to individual driving require ments would result in an unmanageable system. Thus the urban dweller who drive less than his suburban and rural counter parts would reap a windfall subsidized by the suburban and rural dwellers.

Richard Brown
West Babylon, N.Y.

Mr. Buckley makes a strong (but errone ous) argument in favor of a fifty-cent-a gallon additional tax on gasoline.

Over the long term what group will be hurt most by the tax? The older citizens who are largely on fixed incomes.

The unions will get higher wages, the transportation companies will raise rates business will raise per diems and increase prices. Social Security taxes may go down for those working, but we who are retired will be left holding the bag.

It seems that the politicians can't solve anything without another tax, and now Mr. Buckley joins them. There must be a better way to cut gas usage.

W. E. Dauber
St. Simons Island, Ga.

Revisionist Calculations

Your February 8 cover shows an abacus, obviously to advertise a pair of articles on Soviet technology. The abacus idea is good. This simple and reliable calculator is still in wide use in the Soviet Union. The only trouble is that the picture shows a revisionist Maoist Chinese abacus, instead of a progressive Leninist Russian abacus. The Russian abacus, or *schety*, has ten beads on each wire, instead of seven, and no dividing bar. The fifth and sixth beads on each wire are a different color from the other beads. The *schety* stands upright rather than lying flat on the table. An illustration of the *schety* is available in the *Bol'shaya sovyetskaya entsiklopediya* (3rd ed.; 25, 132, fig. 1).

John F. Eros
Charlottesville, Va.

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No More Free Ride... For Union Officials.

Thanks to Harry Beck, American workers no longer have to support unwanted candidates or undesired political causes to keep their jobs.

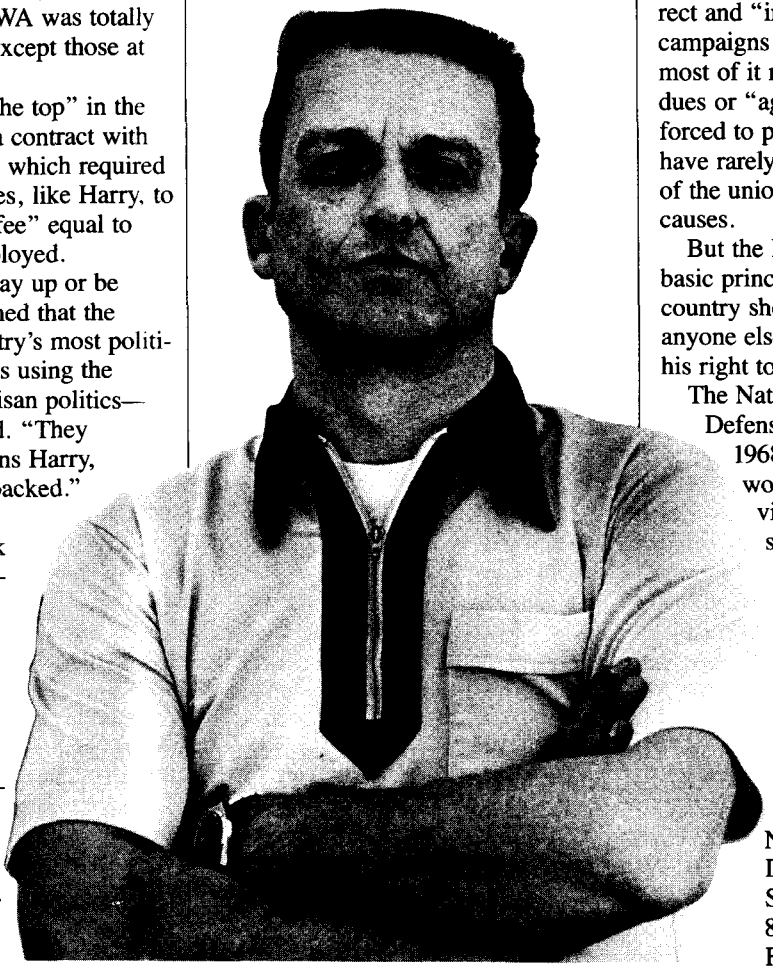
Harry, who was born and grew up in LaPlata, Maryland, has worked for the telephone company for 19 years. He once belonged to the Communications Workers of America union, but resigned "because the CWA was totally impersonal to anyone except those at the top."

However, "those at the top" in the union then negotiated a contract with the telephone company which required all non-union employees, like Harry, to pay CWA an "agency fee" equal to union dues to stay employed.

Harry Beck had to pay up or be fired. But then he learned that the CWA, one of the country's most politically active unions, was using the "agency fees" for partisan politics—and that made him mad. "They backed people," explains Harry, "I just wouldn't have backed."

With the help of the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, suit was brought against the CWA union by Harry and 19 other telephone company workers. And on March 16, 1979, in an historic decision, a Federal court ruled that a union's collecting or spending of compulsory fees for any purpose other than collective bargaining violates the Constitutional rights of employees who object.

It was the first time that a Federal court had declared that union political spending from mandatory "agency fees" is an infringement upon the rights to free speech and association enjoyed by private sector workers.



Similar protection was established for public employees in 1978 in the U.S. Supreme Court decision in *Abood v. Detroit Board of Education* —another case supported by the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation.

The potential impact of the two decisions is enormous. Union officials spend an estimated $100 million in direct and "in-kind" support on political campaigns in a single election year—most of it raised through compulsory dues or "agency fees." The workers forced to pay for this political support have rarely any voice in the selection of the union favored candidates or causes.

But the Beck decision reaffirms the basic principle that no worker in a free country should ever have to support anyone else's politics in order to retain his right to work.

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, established in 1968, provides free legal aid to workers whose rights have been violated as a result of compulsory unionism. It is presently supporting more than 100 court cases involving the rights of employees across the nation.

If you'd like to help workers like Harry Beck, we'd like to hear from you.

National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation
Suite 600
8316 Arlington Blvd.
Fairfax, Virginia 22038

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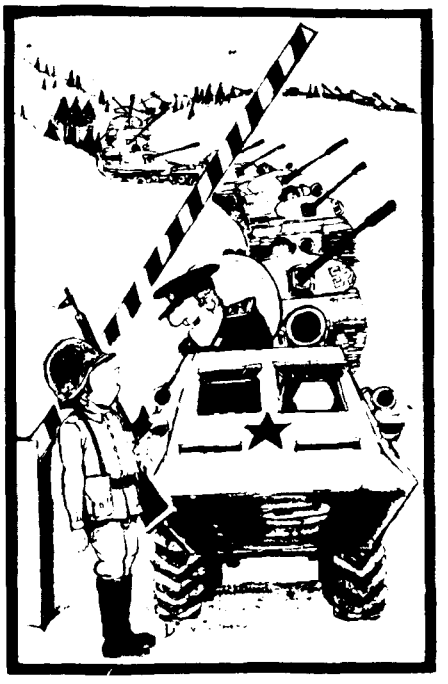
FOR THE RECORD

■ It's High Noon and **John Connally** has taken his staff off salary, plans to plow the $95,000 weekly payroll into newspaper, radio, TV ads in South Carolina, Alabama, Florida, where he must run strong if he's to get to the late-spring primaries. . . . Things look grim. A Charleston, S.C. poll shows Connally trailing not only **Reagan**, but **Bush**. Says Reagan S.C. campaign coordinator **Lee Atwater**: "If he [Connally] can't win in South Carolina, with an unlimited checkbook and the support of **Strom Thurmond** and [former Gov.] **Jim Edwards**, where can he win?" . . . Thurmond, who threw his support to Connally a couple of months back, was quoted in *Washington Post* as saying it would be "remarkable" if Connally ran second in S.C. . . . Sen. **Howard Baker**'s also at the crossroads. He's knocking both Reagan and Bush—Bush particularly—making the point that though they can win primaries, he doubts they can win the big one: Nov. 4. But senatorial courtesy is so ingrained that, commented one N.H. reporter, "Baker finds it hard to name names. When he aims at the jugular, he hits the knee." . . . George Bush is also the main target of **John Anderson**'s attack. Says Anderson: "[Bush is] a Ronald Reagan in Brooks Bros. suits." . . . Incidentally, Anderson says he won't support any candidate who opposes **SALT II**—which means that he will be able to support only a Democrat come Nov. . . . At the **CPAC** conference in Washington early in February, co-sponsored by **YAF** and **ACU**, their hearts were still with Ronald Reagan. In the CPAC straw poll it was Reagan 70 per cent, **Phil Crane** 18, Bush 7, Connally 3, **Dole** and Baker 1, Anderson zilch. . . . At that Conference, YAF chairman **Jim Lacey** called for Crane to get out of the race, i.e., to throw his votes to Reagan, and Rep. **Bob Bauman** (R., Md.)—more diplomatically—called for Crane and Reagan to get together and decide who should pull out lest "we risk losing the opportunity we have worked for all our lives."



Dickinson, *Punch* Rothco

"Don't worry, comrade—five divisions of official mourners ready for Tito."

■ **Kennedy**'s troubles continue to increase. Two recent polls show he wouldn't beat Reagan *or* Bush in Nov. *Washington Post* figures are Reagan 46 per cent to Kennedy 44; Bush 49, Kennedy 41. **Gallup** makes it: Reagan 48, Kennedy 39; Bush 52, Kennedy 37. . . . But **I. A. Lewis**, director of the *Los Angeles Times* polling services, isn't writing Kennedy off just yet. "The question," he says, "is whether Kennedy can hang on long enough to turn attention around to the economy and energy, issues where **Carter** is weak." . . . *U.S. News*, polling **Democratic Party leaders** (national committeemen, state chairmen), finds that 83 per cent of them think Carter will win the nomination against 14 per cent for Kennedy. . . . But will the election be a shoo-in for Carter? **Evans & Novak** think not. "Carter's support is still very soft," they say. "The prospect for a general election in November is still for a close race."

■ **Andrei Sakharov** is getting much-needed support from the States. Last week the **Senate** voted 91 to 0 to urge the Soviet Union to permit Sakharov to return from Gorky to Moscow; the **House** passed a similar resolution earlier. . . . Sakharov was offered Harvard's **Loeb Lectureship in Physics**. Says Prof. **Richard Wilson**: "We hope by bringing pressure on the Soviet government, they will give him a visa to leave." . . . Quite a man: after Sakharov and his wife had been called to the Gorky police station, knocked to the ground, and beaten, he returned home and fired off a telegram of protest—to the KGB. . . . **KGB agents**, posing as diplomats and generals, were flying back to Moscow last week from all over the world: expelled from Japan, Spain, and France. The French permitted Gen. **Travkov** to fly home, but only after removing plans for the top secret Mirage 2000 jet fighter from his luggage. . . . The **International Olympic Committee** doesn't dirty its fingers with politics—ho ho ho—so it was just a coincidence that the first order of business in Lake Placid was to strip **Prince Gholan Reza Pahlevi** (the Shah's brother) of his membership.

■ The Soviets really object to **Henry Kissinger**'s memoirs and accuse him (in *Izvestia*) of "rapidly going downhill into the gloomy valley where cold-war dinosaurs and mastodons of anti-Communism roam."

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UN MOMENT DE MARTELL

80 PROOF IMPORTED BY THE JOS GARNEAU CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

DINNER IS OVER, BUT THE NIGHT IS STILL YOUNG.

WHAT BETTER TIME TO EXPERIENCE THE WORLD'S FINEST COGNAC—MARTELL.

AFTER ALL, MARTELL COGNAC HAS HELPED MAKE EVENINGS MEMORABLE SINCE 1715.

MARTELL V.S.P., V.S.O.P., AND CORDON BLEU.

MARTELL COGNAC

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THE WEEK

■ Oy! Canada!

■ NOT HERE, YOU IDIOTS! Not long ago liberal Democrats in Congress were calling on law-enforcement agencies to stop picking on small-fry street crime and go after the big fish, the white-collar criminals. Well, it looks like the FBI took the whole idea literally. Casting out its nets, infiltrating a major operation, and dispatching its agents in disguise, it pulled off a major scam and came up with a lot of—liberal Democrats in Congress. Lawbreakers—oops, make that lawmakers—are now grumbling about entrapment, and a sense-of-the-Senate resolution will soon call on law-enforcement agencies to turn their efforts to violent crime in the streets.

■ Remarks from a former *NR* associate who worked for Reagan in Iowa for the final month before the caucuses: "I certainly can't say why we lost, as my job was only within the organization part of two congressional districts. I do know our people suffered under a withering press assault. People who had worked for us in 1976 often quit, and almost every precinct chairman I talked to wondered if we were serious about Iowa, and in one form or another mirrored the media issue 'Reagan doesn't care enough to campaign here.' The editorials for the last week echoed Roger Mudd's sentiments that Iowans deserve to vote against Reagan, because of his insulting non-campaign. While every other candidate in Iowa took a swipe at us, we did little more than fly some good conservatives in to endorse Reagan. We never had anyone raise the question of why Bush supports ERA (which was also on the straw ballot and lost by wide margins in precincts Bush carried). I guess my complaint was we neve gave our people anything to cheer about, or get ex cited enough to work for. We just seemed to lie deac in the water, trying to hold on to our position."

■ Only a country so thoroughly at one with itsel that it can safely afford to bicker can work a parlia ment, as Lord Balfour observed. Majorities legitimize where a determining number of people accept the con vention that they do. Does Zimbabwe/Rhodesia fi the criterion? Experience says no, but London's inter position to set things right there is based on a wisl in the affirmative. The prospect after the late February polling: a shaky coalition trying to rule, and a sizable revolutionary opposition taking to the warpath again The ins should at least be able to expect assistance against the rebellious outs in that situation, arrivec at under British sponsorship.

■ According to the CIA, the Soviet Union has greatly stepped up its production of forged U.S. Governmen documents, and improved their quality to the poin where non-Communist media would be likely to be deceived. The stepped-up Soviet operation was ap proved by "the highest levels of Soviet political au thority," which also accused President Carter of dam aging detente.

■ Excerpt from a letter to the London *Times* (Febru ary 16) by the historian Alistair Horne: "In reviewing recently Ronald Fraser's admirable book on the Span ish Civil War, *Blood of Spain*, I found a note of possibly some relevance. In July 1936, on the very eve of the Civil War, the Left, says Mr. Fraser, organized a rival 'Popular Olympiad' in Barcelona, as a counter to the Nazi Olympics in Berlin. Communists in Madrid were given free railway tickets to attend 'because it was to be a large anti-fascist demonstration.' . . . Does not the line taken by the Spanish Communists in 1936 suggest a helpful precedent for 1980?"

■ A few years back, when Mainland China opened its doors to American diplomats and journalists, there was a gush of self-serving editorializing about the new paradise; as if those seers who had welcomed the victory of Mao in 1949 were now vindicated by the evidence of the society he had fostered. John Stewart Service, in a series of rose-colored articles in the *New York Times*, found Chinese society earnest, serious, comradely, endowed with a "new civility." James Reston admired the cleanliness of the cities and the orderliness ("discipline") of the people. Mr. Service explained that such benign effects come from "governing by persuasion and propaganda rather than by command and force." To remind the gullible that they had seen nothing but the world's largest Potem-

'Momentum Is Everything'

Who said that? Not Napoleon.
  Not Wellington or Ney.
It wasn't Genghis Khan's *bon mot*,
  Or Lee's, upon his grey.
It's not a Clausewitz turn of phrase,
  Nor is it Paul Revere's.
The author, as perhaps you know,
  Is Mr. John P. Sears.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

There are several big-league reporters traipsing around the presidential campaigns with enlarged ambitions. This is the season, it seems, for the "definitive account" and the "untold story" rather than the daily deadline and the needled overnighter. The m.o. of these big-picture types is to sit down with the campaign managers and say in a worldly way: "As you must have heard, I am doing the big book on the campaign this time around. It won't be published until your man is safely in the White House, so I want you to be totally candid with me. I need to know what you plan to do and when you plan to do it. And I can assure you that any information you give me will be kept strictly between us." The reporter is not asking for any favors, you understand. The unspoken half of the deal is that the reporter will be properly respectful of the campaign manager's image. His role in the definitive account will loom just a bit larger than it might otherwise: the incandescence of his insights will be remembered, the shortcomings of his performance forgotten.

The campaign manager, who didn't get where he is by ignoring fish in a barrel, feigns skepticism. "Now let me get this straight. If I unlock the safe, if I give you the 100-proof stuff, it doesn't go anywhere until after the election. Is that correct?" The reporter nods encouragingly. "As Punch Sulzberger is my witness."

The campaign manager stares off into space for a moment, figuring the odds, then glances back at the reporter. In the moment of silent tension that follows, the reporter tries on a look of Rushmorean integrity. Another pause. The campaign manager suddenly stands and exclaims, "Okay, let's go to work."

This is where the fun begins. For openers, the manager tosses a few high-protein crumbs to the reporter, color stuff that he was saving for the newsweeklies: what "the boss" likes to drink, the prospective First Lady's favorite novel, that sort of thing. The reporter is scribbling furiously, suppressing a decidedly un-Rushmorean grin. With his credibility established, the manager then begins to offer a series of operational bulletins—what the campaign will do in critical situations, how it will respond to opposition attacks, what it plans to spend in key states, themes for the media campaign, the real (as opposed to the letterhead) campaign hierarchy, and even—here another handshake may be called for—the likely choice for Vice President. These are the family jewels and the reporter is quick to understand that *nobody* has this stuff. He is onto the story of his life. He is biting his tongue to keep a straight face.

At this point the manager stands back and admires his handiwork. As a successful politician he is a close student of human nature, and he is betting that the reporter has not yet been born who can keep a secret for a year and a half. He is betting that the reporter will use the information to trade for other information, that he will use it to protect his status on the press bus and his place at the Holiday Inn bar. The campaign manager, recent history suggests, is betting on a sure thing.

The pipeline to the press and to the opposition camp can be an important communications tool in the hands of a resourceful campaign manager. Occasionally, just to keep everybody honest, he may even put out some accurate information.

■ It's not widely known here, but investigative reporters Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong have signed to do another major book, this one an exposé of the *Washington Post* to be called *The Sistern*.

■ Yes, we're ashamed of ourselves.

■ Of all the bizarre political calculations we've seen this year, Senator Bob Packwood's strength surpasseth everything. One of the last really-liberal really-Republican members of the Senate, Packwood has decided to stand for re-election as the champion of abortion rights. Appearing here in support of the National Abortion Rights Action League, Packwood went out of his way to say that the right-to-life movement "must win now in 1980 or they lose forever." And if they win now, he went on with the kind of rhetorical excess so soothing to people who understand the linkage between aardvarks and zygotes, "we will surely see a decade of decline for women's rights in all areas." Lest anybody back home miss the point, which seems to be that the survival of the Nineteenth Amendment hinges on the re-election of the tenacious Senator Packwood, he has enlisted as his principal direct-mail fundraiser . . . Gloria Steinem. In a letter to the good folks of Oregon, where straight talk is prized, Ms. Steinem came on with her best feminist endorsement: "Bob Packwood is a good friend of our movement."

Seems like you're kinda askin' for it, Senator.

—CATO

---

kin village, built at the expense of sixty million lives lost in revolutions and purges, was to be insensitive to the possibility of egalitarian progress. Now comes a report, in the same *Times*, from Peking, detailing a "new" crime wave, in which you may read, "Many people, a silent majority perhaps, are tired of two decades of political turmoil and want to get on with raising living standards." Goodness gracious, what a funny way to talk about the Garden of Eden.

■ Meanwhile, Iceland has "eased" its 62-year-old prohibition on beer. A new ruling allows Icelanders to bring 12 bottles of beer through customs in place of a bottle of wine. But beer is still not sold in the state-run liquor stores, which charge $27 for a bottle of vodka. If Iceland goes to the Olympics, let's stay home.

■ Film critic Vincent Canby of the *New York Times* has taken a first step toward conferring corporate status on yet another overlooked minority. Reviewing the new movie *Cruising*, he notes that it's about a killer who preys on "members of New York's S and M community." This must be the first time sadists and masochists, whose associations tend to be somewhat informal, have been referred to as a "community"—you know, as in business community, black community, Jewish community. A trend, perhaps? We can just hear the newscasts a year or two hence: "Spokes-

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men for the city's S and M community today charged Mayor Koch . . ." And who knows, maybe Bishop Moore will ordain the first leather priest.

■ Jacqueline Grennan Wexler has certainly made the rounds since leaving the nunnery in the Sixties. Currently she's a radio commentator in New York, where most recently she deplored the Soviets' internal exile of Andrei Sakharov—and withoutstoppingforbreath likened it to the Pope's "exile" of Hans Küng and the "silencing" of American Jesuit William Callahan, who wants women priests. In point of fact, the only place Küng seems to have been exiled to is the *New York Times* Op-Ed page, and if the Pope has found a practical way of silencing liberal Catholics, he's made the greatest discovery since Louis Pasteur. Concluded Mrs. Wexler: "Those of us who have faith in the potential mature growth of our church and its faithful hope"—puff, puff—"that Küng and Callahan will have as much political acumen for survival as did John Paul II as a Polish prelate." Has the church also banned women logicians?

■ Lillian Hellman is suing Mary McCarthy. Miss McCarthy told Dick Cavett that Miss Hellman was "a bad writer, overpraised, a dishonest writer." Cavett asked Miss McCarthy what was dishonest about Miss Hellman. Miss McCarthy said: "Everything. I once said in an interview that every word she writes is a lie, including 'and' and 'the.'" Cavett invited Miss Hellman to appear on his show to reply, but she refused. She is suing him too. This is not the first time she has been victimized by the wild accusations of somebody named McCarthy. Maybe she'll write another book about it.

■ Teddy calls for immediate gas rationing, wage-price controls, socialization of medicine, and wonders why his campaign funds have dried up.

■ With the draft looming, feminist leaders are busily drafting the Equal-but-Not-*That*-Equal Amendment.

Bad Times

I own no retreat in the country
  Or tins of dehydrated food.
You'll fail to find gold in stocks I still hold;
  I live like a citified dude.
My freezer is full, but of ice cubes.
  My armoire is just for display.
If safety means home in Oshkosh or Nome,
  I'd rather depart like Pompeii.

W. H. von Dreele

■ Mme. Tussaud's wax museum in London reports that the Ayatollah Khomeini has replaced Adolf Hitler as the "most hated" world figure. Congratulations all around.

■ A bank in Hyannis, Massachusetts is offering Susanny dollars at $4.50 for five, and still no takers.

■ Meanwhile, an eerie stillness prevails in South Molucca.

Implications of the Turnaround

At one time, liberation of the fifty or so American captives in Teheran was imperative as a precondition to even discussing anything else. The deposed Shah's alleged malefactions were a total irrelevancy. Iran would have to pay fearsome penalties for offenses against international law and civilized standards. The freezing of Iranian assets was to be only a first step in retribution unless Iran at once shaped up. With its position sustained by a writ from the International Court of Justice and a UN Security Council resolution, the U.S. spoke not for its own interests alone but for standards requisite to the conduct of diplomacy. U.S. warships dispatched to waters neighboring Iran manifested this country's determination. Periodically—that is, on the days he was not taking it back—the President said the U.S. would not rule out the use of force.

Such was the mood late last autumn—so hard to recall now. Having symbolically marched up the hill, the U.S. has been busy marching down again—not symbolically but substantively. Recently the government went to court to petition for a stay of its own processes against Iranian assets. The denial of linkage between the kidnappings and the Shah's conduct has long since been renounced. Secretary of State Cyrus Micawber has bespoken U.S. gratitude for UN Secretary General Kurt Bumble's action in constituting a kangaroo court for a ritual inquiry into the kidnappers' complaints. As a face-saver, the U.S. made motions of foreclosing the inquest from conclusions of moral import—whatever that might mean—but the U.S. was scarcely in a position for stipulating. Having shaken first a fist and then a finger, the Administration has lately been hankering to shake hands and let bygones be bygones.

How to find a partner for such a bargain is itself a problem. Iran's new President Bani-Sadr presides only nominally. His power to deliver on any promise is a matter of surmise. However reluctantly or collusively, he sits at the feet of the Ayatollah Khomeini, whose thoughts are lost in the seventh century.

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ON THE Left

KEVIN LYNCH

Ever since Jimmy Carter first proposed an Olympic boycott in retaliation for the Soviet march into Afghanistan, many opponents of the boycott have been claiming that the West could better retaliate by going to Moscow both to bring back some gold and to demonstrate against Soviet imperialism. Western athletes, it has been suggested, could wear armbands signifying their abhorrence of Soviet brutality, and Western spectators could mount their own protests, directly communicating Western concern to Soviet citizens. But anyone, athlete or spectator, who intends to participate in these protests should be aware that the Soviets have taken precautions to prevent any demonstrations that would cast an unkind light on the USSR.

Writing in the London *Daily Telegraph*, Robert Moss recently reported on a tour of Western Europe by three Soviet officials: the Soviet security chief of the Moscow Olympics and two KGB colonels. The sole purpose of the trip was to inform the West of the Soviet determination to prevent any "controversial demonstrations." As defined by the security chief, any attempts at freedom of expression qualify as controversial demonstrations, for they could, in the Soviet reasoning, lead to "outbreaks of terrorism." The security chief let it be known that anyone who violates the unwritten rules of the Soviet Olympics will "be crushed with maximum force."

Yet, while Westerners will be kept on a short tether, thousands of KGB agents will be roaming among the visitors searching for potential recruits. "The KGB," says Moss, "views the Moscow Olympics as an ideal occasion to attempt the compromise—for example, through embarrassing photographs—and recruitment of not merely scores, but thousands of foreigners, including sportsmen." Last year's Spartakiad, held in Moscow in July, served as a tune-up for both Soviet athletes and the KGB. In addition to testing their ability to oversee a large influx of visitors, the Soviets used the athletic event to test the spying equipment they have installed in all buildings that will be used to house foreign athletes and visitors.

Should Lord Killanin or any other member of the International Olympic Committee have any questions about the Soviets' Olympic spirit, they could discuss them with their Soviet counterpart on the IOC, V. I. Popov. Popov, a KGB agent, is a winner of a medal that carries more weight in the USSR than an Olympic medal, the Medal of Valor, awarded him by Stalin for his work in state security during World War II.

The kidnappers appear still to hold the trumps—namely, the hapless American captives. Whether the terrorists will consent to handing them back, if at all, without imposing the last measure of abasement on the importuning U.S. Government—an acknowledgment of guilt—remains unclear. Imagination boggles at the thought of what sort of precedent is being set. The implicit tendency is to legitimize the terrorists' actions in seizing the U.S. Embassy and holding U.S. public servants captive. The United Nations is being inveigled—with U.S. collusion—into actions clearly at variance with its own Charter.

The United States' true culpability lies in its having fecklessly suffered itself to fall into a secondary position strategically. Second place in world strategic competition is not like second place in a relay race. There is no silver medal. The position is equivalent to being second in a poker showdown—the loser with the most to lose. There will be other humiliations down the line—other governments, and other revolutionary adventurers, to play cat and mouse with this country—unless that blame is expiated.

New Hampshire, Aesthetically

Real aficionados have learned to expect rare things from New Hampshire politics, and most especially from the New Hampshire presidential primary. Nor have they often been disappointed.

Among the highlights of past years, Ed Muskie, of course, broke down and cried in a snowstorm in front of the *Manchester Union Leader* building, and suddenly seemed no longer so "Lincolnesque." But that was also the year of the "Canuck letter," and the Gay Alliance contribution to the McGovern campaign (courtesy of the White House), and—such, such were the joys—of the Vance Hartke candidacy. Old-timers cherish the 1964 senatorial bid of General Harry "Atomic" Thyng, who made Goldwater look soft. The 1968 George "Brainwashed" Romney campaign will never be forgotten, nor will the time Nelson Rockefeller accosted a bemused Dartmouth student with the famous "Hiya, fella, I'm Nelson Rockefeller," and received the reply: "Oh yeah? I'm Mahatma Gandhi."

This time around we have had the seemingly contradictory allegations that Phil Crane is an alcoholic and that he wants to bed a thousand women, and the last-minute charges that George Bush got money in 1970-whatever-it-was from a secret Nixon campaign fund, and, not to be left behind in the snow, Ronald Reagan has been telling ethnic jokes. President Carter, out of sheer enthusiasm for public transport, has funded a rail link between Boston and Concord, New Hampshire, and we stand in awe of the sheer majesty of the democratic political process.

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The Connally Mystery

One mystery of the current presidential contest involves the failure of John Connally to get anywhere either in the polls or in the actual voting. As *NR* Senior Editor Richard Brookhiser reports (see page 278), Connally is in many ways an impressive candidate. He has held high elective and appointive posts, has favorably impressed many business leaders, has raised a large amount of money, and is forceful and articulate. And yet his campaign is widely regarded as being in virtually terminal condition.

What Connally clearly failed to do was a) identify his political problems, and b) evolve a serious approach to solving them. Each of the major candidates in both parties does have problems, and how they deal with them goes a long way toward determining the political outcome. Connally probably made a critical error in his neglect of Iowa and New Hampshire, in both of which his organized effort was almost non-existent. His special problems could have been ameliorated by some strong early showings, which would have demonstrated his credibility with the voters. The fact that Connally has been reduced to hoping that South Carolina, of all places, will revive his candidacy provides further evidence of his tactical bankruptcy.

What the primary process seems to be demonstrating is that Connally's political judgment is poor—a useful thing to know about any candidate.

Chappaquiddick Yet

The February *Reader's Digest* hit the newsstands, and its sixty million readers, the week before the Iowa caucus with a front-page screamer: "Chappaquiddick: The *Still* Unanswered Questions." The article, by *RD* senior editor John Barron, runs about ten thousand words; repeats the incredulous remarks of the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Boston Globe*, the *New York Times*, and the *Los Angeles Times*; includes the results of *RD*'s specially commissioned studies of tide tables and the ballistics of vehicles orbiting off bridges; and concludes that Senator Kennedy has been giving false witness for ten years.

Senator Kennedy promptly hired his own scientists to pooh-pooh the *RD* experts. The press gave the story seven bells. So now it's Chappaquiddick II, in the style of *Godfather II* and *Rocky II*. One waits, stoically, for Chappaquiddick Umpteen.

There are several aspects to the whole affair, aspects that are easily separable and yet are almost never disentangled.

1. As one vulgar journalist has written, "The guy was drunk and horny." Maybe he still is. This is in the so-what category of political commentary. Mr. Gladstone, call your office.

2. With a dead girl in his car, and still half-sloshed, the guy didn't panic. He convened the sanhedrin, fabricated a cover story, persuaded a dozen pals to clam up for the rest of their lives, overpowered the system of justice in his own back yard, and settled down to other affairs both political and personal. If that performance says anything at all, it positively *qualifies* the guy for negotiating with Communists.

3. The guy should be run out of Washington and hounded out of office not because of #1 or #2 above, but because of his mindless adherence to the political sophisms of the 1930s. He's a routine big-government, big-taxing, big-spending, anti-enterprise elitist who would bring this country to its knees in his first term. And that, whether *Reader's Digest* thinks so or not, is the real case of *The People* v. *Edward M. Kennedy*.

The Windfall Illusion

Congress expects oil industry revenues to increase dramatically when prices are decontrolled and is counting on getting a hearty share of them to pay the bills it's running up in energy, tax credits, and synfuel programs. Near as we can tell, Congress—and just about everybody else, with the possible exception of Kenneth Arrow—is in for a big shock.

The way Congress sees it, domestic oil reserves will greatly expand when $6 tier-1 oil and $13 tier-2 oil move to the world price. But the way we figure it, consumers are already paying the world price for refined products, so decontrol will not produce a big windfall of new revenues. It'll just shift them about within the industry from refiners to producers.

Look at it this way. A refiner importing $23-a-barrel OPEC oil sells the product he makes out of it at the same price as the refiner using controlled $6-a-barrel domestic crude. If that were all there was to it, the price controls would amount to an enormous subsidy to the refiners of domestic crude at the expense of domestic producers.

That's where the entitlements come in. The refiner using $6 domestic oil has to pay the refiner using the $23 foreign stuff. So the price of domestic oil to the refiner is $6 plus the entitlement payment, and the price of OPEC oil becomes $23 minus the entitlement.

Under this system, large integrated oil companies that both produce and refine and have both domestic and foreign oil end up paying entitlements to themselves. That way the money stays in house, and the revenues that price controls cost their domestic production operations are gained back in the refining division through the entitlement subsidy for their

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mported crude. For non-integrated operations, the system transfers revenues from domestic crude-oil producers to refiners of OPEC oil.

When the controls come off, the entitlements go, and all that happens is a shift back in revenues from refining to producing operations.

For total revenues to go up, Americans today would have to be paying less than the world price for gasoline and fuel oil. But if that were the case, who would be selling it to us? The price differential is an illusion caused by the large tax per gallon at the European pump.

Since revenues and profits are not going to balloon as Congress thinks, what is the "windfall profits" tax going to be paid out of? The only possibility is: existing revenues. It looks as if the tax is going to capture more or less what the domestic industry is currently paying itself in entitlements.

That means the profitability of the domestic oil industry is about to be driven sharply down. The prospect is for short-term earnings below the Treasury bill rate. Earnings will head back up as OPEC pushes up the world price. But whether and how soon they'll get back to the present rate of return are questions the Senate Finance Committee had better start asking its staff.

It would be appropriate too if the committee were to find out if those entitlement revenues are large enough to cover all the tax credits and synfuel boondoggles. It could be the committee has busted the budget along with the oil companies.

Trudeau: Yesterday, Today, And Forever?

The word finally took shape and dwelt among the national TV audience, as a triumphant Pierre Trudeau reclaimed power. After a campaign as insubstantial as a susurration of the undead, he had been awarded a majority government. Out of the shadows came a familiar presence, determined to reduce the Tory term in office to a mere hiccup of history.

His first priority, he asserted, was to seek peace with the Soviets. Those millions who had handed him absolute power in order to ensure cheap gasoline, lower interest rates, lower taxes, and higher handouts may have felt surprised that friendship with the Communists was actually more important to their Leader. But the once and future king has a past and present kinkiness toward Communism which has made Canada extremely unreliable as a NATO and NORAD partner and has resulted in the gutting of her defense capabilities. The only branch of government that contracted during Trudeau's 11 years of frantic spending was the military. Eight months in Opposition has not changed the Trudeau scale of values.

Trudeau's only clear-cut campaign pledge was a promise to resign before the next election. Given his record of flipflops, Canadians should not assume that Trudeau's fourth term will be his last. He is a durable politician with a Machiavellian appreciation of the uses of power. If there is still a Canada ten years from now (not a complete certainty, given the total rejection of Trudeau by the oil-rich West), Trudeau could still be leading it. If he can win so handily after displaying such contempt for the electorate, he can presumably escape the mandatory retirement tradition which is part of the terms of employment of ordinary politicians.

As for the Tory interlude, we can at least rejoice that it happened at the time of the capture of the American Embassy in Teheran. For one moment, Canadians had a government representative of their finest instincts. The warmth of that experience will be treasured in the chill years ahead.

Nicaraguan Dominoes

We meet them again, as we have met them before, in the *New York Times*, in the *Washington Post*: faces and photographs: earnest revolutionaries, yearning poor, corrupt fugitives of the *ancien régime*. But behind the journalistic flim-flam, the game of Nicaraguan politics continues to be played. Herewith a rundown on the players and the cards they hold.

Communists. Nicaragua's votes in international forums have followed strictly the Cuban (and, therefore, the Soviet) line. Junta member Daniel Ortega Saavedra has blasted American "imperialism" in speeches at the conference of nonaligned nations in Havana and at the UN. At home, Marxist Tomás Borge Martínez controls the Interior Ministry and, thus, the police. The Communists are to lie low for the time being. Castro told them as much in a homily he delivered to them last July—Nicaragua cannot be rebuilt with-

It's Sacrifice Time

When Agamemnon prayed for wind
To reach the shores of Troy,
He drowned his daughter for the gods,
Suggesting they "Enjoy!"
As Jimmy paws the White House rugs,
With daggers in his glance,
The time has come to give the heave
To Secretary Vance.

W. H. von Dreele

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out American aid, he said, so don't do anything to jeopardize it. The Communists also suffer from the lack of an efficient secret police (although the DGI, Cuba's KGB, will help when the time comes, as it helped in Angola and Mozambique).

Anti-Communist Sandinista. Middle-class Nicaraguans remain both anti-Somoza and anti-totalitarian; they seem more politically aware than the Cuban middle class after the fall of Batista. They must resist pressures to nationalize more of the economy (Somoza's property has already been confiscated), while holding the government to its political promises (the 33-member State Council, envisioned before the revolution as a broad-based body advising the government, has yet to be installed).

Panama. Despite Torrijos's active support of the Sandinista revolution, he seems not to want a Communist Nicaragua. Shortly after the fall of Managua, Torrijos proposed a joint American-Panamanian-Sandinista military presence to police the country—a bit of braggadocio that nevertheless reflected a genuine concern. Torrijos retains friends and debtors among the Sandinista.

The United States—is where the money lives. *If* we offered to help rebuild the country, and *if* we made it clear that we expected the rebuilt country to be free and democratic, and *if* our ambassador to Nicaragua repeated this every week or so, and *if* we determined to back the forces of pluralism, even with (gulp) sub rosa funds when necessary—*then* we might buy the revolution off. Having chucked Somoza, we have nothing else to work with.

The Name Game

Pluralism exacts its price. Minorities seeking to maintain their separate identities within the larger society must strike a delicate balance. When they set about renaming themselves they are engaged in a bid for power and respect—both from the majority and within their own ranks. It was not thought sufficient to declare oneself proud to be a Negro. The old word, with its painful associations, had to be replaced. Thus Negro gave way to "black," queer was replaced by "gay," and "native American" has been proposed to replace American Indian.

But while "black" was assimilated smoothly into the national vocabulary, "gay" and "native American" have provoked resentment. Both terms seek to redefine the minority *at the expense* of the majority. The expropriation of "gay" bled the language, denying to everyone but the elect the use of a once popular word. The challenge of "native American" is even more serious, for in attempting to rid themselves of the odious "Indian," they have appropriated a term

"We could impose a counter-embargo, but our two major exports are caviar and Communism."

to which all other Americans born here have a valid claim. Is the descendant of a Revolutionary War soldier—or, for that matter, the child of Italian immigrants born in Des Moines—any less a "native American" than they?

Clearly, the American Indians, like other minorities, wish to preserve their minority status, to resist assimilation, and yet to regard themselves and be regarded with respect. But their word choice fails to strike the delicate balance necessary in a pluralistic society. To lay claim to "native American" carries the implicit suggestion of exclusivity, and will meet (rightly) with objections from all those who don't want to be considered "alien Americans."

Ross Hoffman, R I P

Ross J. S. Hoffman, one of the noblest Americans of his generation, died on a dark December afternoon, at the age of 78. His roots were deep in his native Pennsylvania, where he was born just after the turn of the century, and where he completed all of his schooling. A monument to an older America exists in the pages of his private reminiscences, which a few of his friends have been privileged to read; they are suffused with the same compound of literary art and insight that mark his published books and articles on history. He was blessed with great powers of mind; with the love of his faithful and understanding wife, who accompanied him throughout the pilgrimage of his life; with the spiritual certainties and comforts of

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the Catholic Church, into which he was received in early manhood. He was a great teacher (at Fordham University), and a superb historian. His works, especially those dealing with the England of the eighteenth century, with Burke and the Rockingham Whigs, are enduring works of scholarship.

He disdained the practices of publicity in the academic world; he is, however, recognized with respect by everyone who deserved or deserves to be named among his peers. He was an American patriot of classical stamp, who understood that during the twentieth century Providence chose the United States to serve as the guardian and the repository of Western civilization.

His presence was imposing and unmistakable. He was tall and gaunt, his deep voice sonorous and humane beneath and beyond the range of mere tonality. We cannot be certain that memory, as we know it, exists in the other world where he now dwells; but somehow there is a grain of certainty in our belief that he is not forgetting us, as we cannot forget him. Such expectations surge from our senses when we are in the presence of greatness of soul.

—J. LUKACS

Raymond DeJaegher, R I P

Father Raymond DeJaegher was a powerful man, both physically and intellectually. Two years ago, at dinner with one of the editors of *NR*, he was overwhelming in his personal vibrancy. Eight years before that, he had learned that he had cancer.

As a boy in Belgium, Raymond DeJaegher felt the call to serve God as a priest in China. Ordained in An-Kuo in 1931 at the age of 26, he personally converted more than four thousand people, and became so popular that the local Chinese elected him their District Magistrate (or mayor) in 1937. During World War II he spent two years in a Japanese concentration camp, a searing experience, and in 1949 he was forced by the Communists to leave China altogether. Settling at last among the large Chinese population of Saigon, he remained there for ten years, founding two high schools, two magazines, and a daily paper, and becoming a trusted advisor to President Ngo Dinh Diem. When the latter was assassinated in 1963, Father DeJaegher moved to New York, where he carried on his struggle against Communism through more than a hundred magazine articles and several books, and as Director of the Asia Speakers Bureau and the Sino-American Amity Fund.

In Father DeJaegher's last years, four major operations did not slow his pace. As late as last October he presided at a meeting of the Institute of Chinese Culture in New York, in apparent good health. On February 6, at the age of 74, he died. The Republic of China (Taiwan) announced—and small wonder—that it had conferred on him posthumously Free China's highest decoration: the Order of the Brilliant Star. Father DeJaegher was one of the important Catholic priests of our time, and a powerful force for the good. —WAR

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Re your column on the subject, the only way to escape from the Inquisition was by a theological argument. The only way to escape from the (Salem) witch trials was by a theological argument. The only way to escape from the Ayatollah Khomeini is by a theological argument.

Around 1900 a European country had trouble pacifying a band of Moslem tribesmen who were convinced by their mullahs that to surrender to Christians was against their religion. After everything had failed the government of that country prevailed upon a professor at a famous university to study the matter. This famous Orientalist (himself a *hadji*) sat down with the mullahs and out of the Koran convinced them that in the case of overwhelming force it was not necessary to fight until death.

Suggestions from the lay public not being invited, I shall keep this to myself.

By the way, in view of your well known aversion to being *tutoyé* I doubt if you should refer to the Shah of Iran as Pahlevi. You do not refer to, say, Archduke Otto as "Habsburg" in print—or do you?

Sincerely yours,
G. J. van Wageningen
Jacksonville, Fla.

Dear Mr. van Wageningen: 1) Nice historical point. Thank you. 2) Interesting question. Hadn't (haven't, as a matter of fact) thought it through. . . . Didn't the press frequently refer to the Duke of Windsor as "Windsor"? Surely now that Otto von H. is an elected member of the European Parliament he is referred to as Habsburg? I mean, in the press? I shall refer the whole mess to Letitia Baldridge. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

De mortuis?

May I protest your notice ["The Week," Dec. 21] of the death of Richard Rovere? You write that "In effect, Rovere dropped out; unhappily he did so

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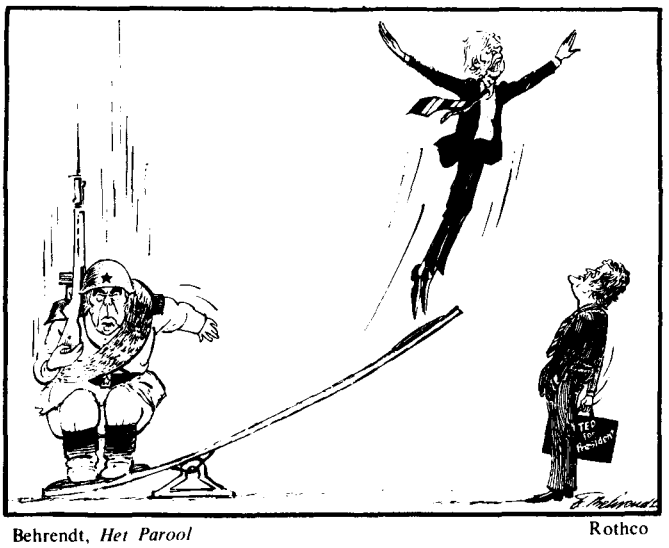

Behrendt, *Het Parool* Rothco

churlishly." Rovere never dropped out until the long and exceedingly painful hospitalization that ended in his death. It would be less churlish on your part to observe that it took considerable courage not to drop out when he was suffering from varying degrees of pain during the last ten years of his life, the result of unfortunate neck surgery that led to his final hospitalization.

I was a friend of Dick's for 25 years; I knew him long enough and well enough to be sure that everything you say about his character is wrong. I never saw him, in conversation or in print, "irascible"; his temperament was notably calm and fair-minded, even when provoked. He hated nobody; he loved, if I may be simple, truth and justice. He did not even hate McCarthy; he hated what he did, the persecution of the "timid and the vulnerable" who were pawns to his purposes. There was indeed an odd affection in his portrait, the kind one may have for an occasionally charming rogue.

You grant him wit, but deny him humor (a distinction over which literary critics have labored for centuries). I should have said myself that he had a deep, if quiet, sense of ironic humor: his *McCarthy* is perhaps the funniest political book I have ever read. It is also an excellent example of his judiciousness; far from displaying a "psychotic fixation with anti-anti-Communism," he concluded (unlike many liberal critics) that the McCarthy style of anti-Communism was *not* a permanent threat to American institutions.

But I rather assume that your hostility is chiefly based on loyalty to two deceased friends, McCarthy and Whittaker Chambers. I have spoken of Dick's *McCarthy*. I have read *Odyssey of a Friend*, and I can see that Chambers was a fascinating and appealing character (certainly you demonstrate that he was *not* "all but friendless"). Loyalty is admirable, but it is hardly an excuse for a cavalier misuse of sources. In quoting from Dick's review you neglect to report that the characterization of Chambers is not his, but a summary of Weinstein's as based on the court testimony; and this summary was necessary for the understanding of the circumstances of the case for readers to whom it was either a dim memory, or none at all. Weinstein was of course defending Chambers's essential reliability in his witness against Hiss; and you also neglect to point out that Dick concluded that "Weinstein's finding of culpability is compelling." Anyone at all is qualified to depose (to use your words) that the review is notably objective and temperate (if you want to look it up, it's in the *New Yorker* issue of May 22, 1978).

One does not want to imitate the NATIONAL REVIEW's habit of name-calling. No doubt the reputation of Richard Rovere is not a matter of national import. But the NATIONAL REVIEW has strong opinions about many matters of national import, and it attempts to document them. Distrust of its documentation seems to me a serious matter. I would not say that you have altogether lost a reader, but I would say that you have lost the faith of a reader in your methods of reporting, and in your facts and sources.

Andrews Wanning
Bard College
Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Wanning: No doubt Mr. Rovere comported himself differently with people he liked and approved of, than with people he disliked and disapproved of. The question is not easy to resolve whether there were more of the former than of the latter. You are correct in inferring that those editors of *NR* who knew Whittaker Chambers were enduringly resentful of Rovere's mistaken characterization of him, as of his underestimation of Chambers's talent. At least we made no error of judgment in appraising Rovere's talent. It should go without saying that we knew nothing of his sad physical infirmity. WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Alas, I must cast off from NATIONAL REVIEW, for I hope soon to try my vocation as a monk at the Immaculate Heart Hermitage (near Big Sur, Calif.). As I looked longingly and lovingly over old issues, I came across that strange piece by Clare Boothe Luce, "Only Women Have Babies." Any chance some antidote might one day be printed? Something, say, by Malcolm Muggeridge, Colin Clark, or Christopher Derrick?

Some enviable soul or other will receive what remains of my subscription, but I must say farewell and leave a parting gift. Thank you so much for so much, and Godspeed.

Yours faithfully,
Henry M. Teichert

Dear Mr. Teichert: Thank you. And—ora pro nobis.
—WFB

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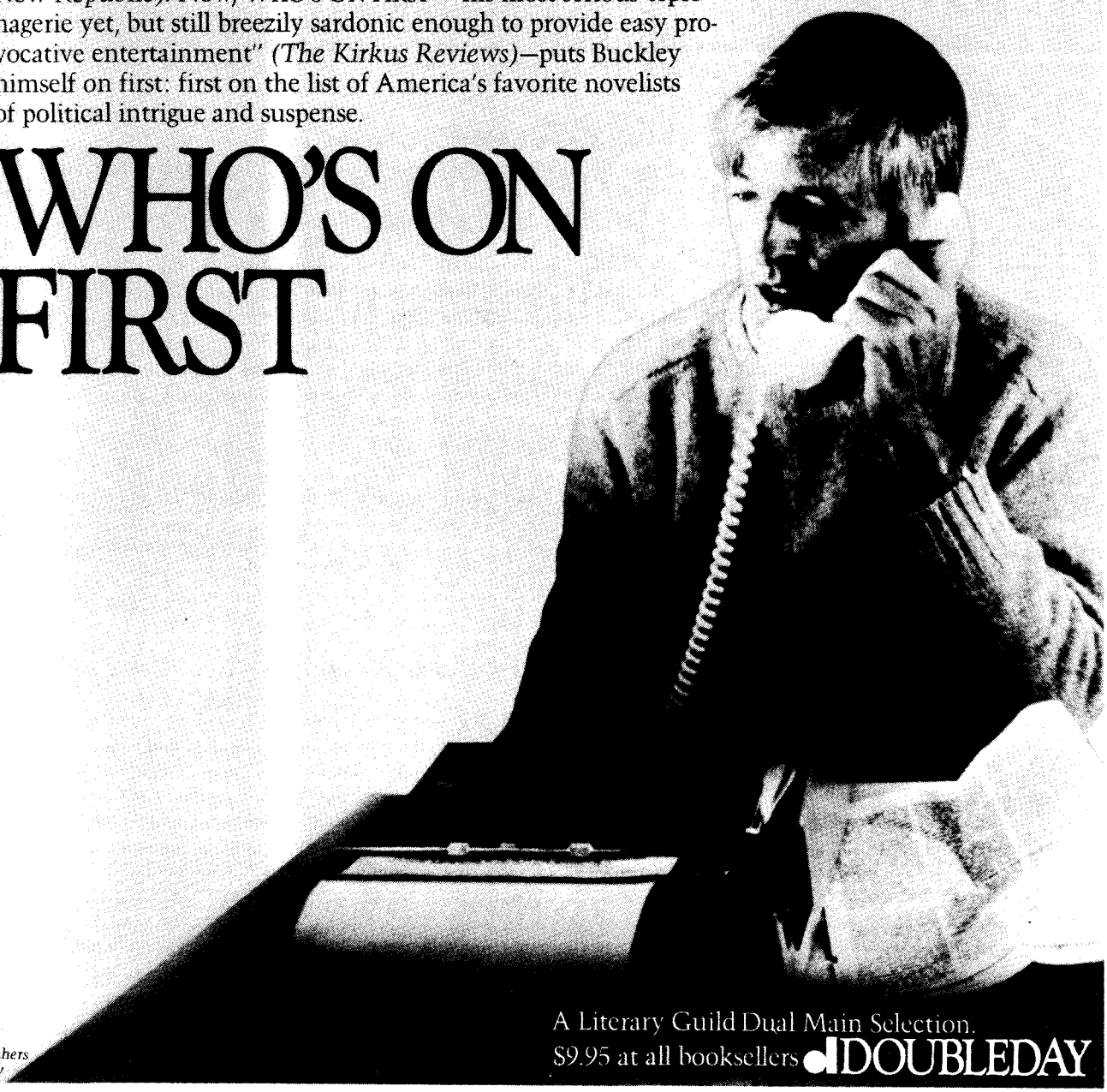
William F. Buckley, Jr.

His "witty, exciting, eloquent"* new novel captures one of the Cold War's hottest moments.

Blackford Oakes, the dashing ex-Yale CIA agent, has a third assignment—and it's a formidable one: kidnapping a man and woman who can help the U.S.A. win the satellite race with the Soviets. Blackie's mission is further complicated by the likes of Dwight D. Eisenhower, Allen Dulles, Dean Acheson, and the U.S. Navy. As well as a beautiful Hungarian freedom fighter, Blackie's impatient lover, and his boss, master agent "Rufus."

William F. Buckley's first bestselling novel, *Saving the Queen,* was "both a romp and something more" *(Wall Street Journal).* Then, *Stained Glass* cut "closer to the bone than Le Carré ever cut" *(The New Republic).* Now, WHO'S ON FIRST—"his most serious espionagerie yet, but still breezily sardonic enough to provide easy provocative entertainment" *(The Kirkus Reviews)*—puts Buckley himself on first: first on the list of America's favorite novelists of political intrigue and suspense.

WHO'S ON FIRST



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Allied Disarray

THE CLASSIC themes of this column have never been livelier than they are right now: cold war, detente, containment, neutrality, peaceful coexistence. President Carter must be given middling-to-high marks for allowing the scales, at last, to fall from his eyes. His grades would be higher yet if he started firing some of the advisors who kept him on the wrong path for so long.

Now, as he looks over his shoulder, he can hardly fail to notice that the alliance of which he is the natural leader is somewhat less allied than it might be. Margaret Thatcher alone (or possibly Mrs. Thatcher plus Signor Cossiga of Italy) stands firmly in line.

The Dutch, and to a lesser extent the Belgians, have been intimidated into opposing the modernization of NATO's defenses. Far worse, the government of Chancellor Schmidt is becoming more and more openly a conditional ally with appeasing impulses. As for President Giscard of France, he deserves a passage all to himself.

Detente Lives

It is necessary from time to time to remind readers that Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, before he attained his present eminence, was president of a body named the Grande Commission Franco-Soviétique, dedicated to the betterment of relations between the two countries. Some of us remember how Leonid Brezhnev snubbed Giscard when he dared, on a visit to Moscow in October 1975, to suggest that detente implied a relaxation of ideological tensions. But a mere snub could not discompose someone as committed to a fiction as the French president is.

And now comes the little matter of the Soviet invasion of a distant country called Afghanistan. Giscard and Schmidt decide, not for the first time, to go into a huddle and try to work out what the official spokesman at the Elysée Palace called "a European position" on the crisis. They have no difficulty in deciding on a subtle common stand of "solidarity but not alignment" with Jimmy Carter. The press is told that the search for detente is to continue; for their part, the Germans explain, this means that Willy Brandt's Ostpolitik goes on, which in turn means that the West Germans will continue to try to get on with the East Germans, the Poles, and the Soviets.

Both Schmidt and Giscard, of course, expressed disapproval of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, but neither regarded it as a direct threat to Europe. The punch line sums up the current wave of ostrichism in France and Germany: neither country, it appears, wants a "return to the cold war," thereby making it plain that neither leader has yet grasped the simple truth that on the Communist side, the cold war has never ended.

And there is more. Later in the month, President Giscard traveled to Delhi for a meeting with the resurgent Mrs. Gandhi, heiress to her father Pandit Nehru's legacy of nonalignment (or at any rate what is left of it now that Fidel Castro has finished tearing it to shreds). Well, now, what do a partly Finlandized European and a nonaligned Indian have to say to each other, when Afghanistan is painfully close to the host country and Pakistan does seem to be doing rather well from the current crisis?

What they do, in time-honored summit fashion, is produce a joint communiqué which does not name the Soviet Union and which speaks of the "necessity to restore conditions in which independence, sovereignty, and territorial integrity of all states can be preserved, and the right of their peoples to freely determine their own destiny without outside interference assured." Note that "without outside interference" —a message to Carter as well as to Brezhnev. After all, that is what nonalignment is supposed to be all about.

Under these circumstances, Foreign Minister Gromyko felt the urge to go to Delhi pretty smartly.

Just what, it may be asked, does the president of the French Republic think he is up to? The contrast with his great though prickly predecessor, Charles de Gaulle, is painful and illuminating.

In October 1962, at the height of the Caribbean missile crisis, President Kennedy sent Dean Acheson to Paris with a letter to de Gaulle and air reconnaissance pictures of Soviet missiles on Cuba. De Gaulle read the letter, but before even looking at the pictures he said to Acheson: "If there is a war, I will be with you." For all his visceral anti-Americanism, de Gaulle was the unconditional ally in a real crisis. (It is true, however, that Jimmy Carter was guilty of an error of appreciation when he said that the invasion of Afghanistan was the worst threat to peace since the end of World War II: the world was much closer to nuclear holocaust in October 1962 than in January 1980.)

Is Carter the One?

The point, then, is that Carter is going to have to do and say a good deal more before the consequences of three years of non-leadership of the Western alliance can be undone. One may also doubt whether even the new Carter is the man to do it. Perhaps President Bush, or President Reagan, or President Connally will be the man to see that the alliance is in disarray because, at least in part, it was not designed to cope with the global threat of Soviet power in the 1980s.

Meanwhile, it is refreshing to read the Iron Lady's speech in the House of Commons on January 28, especially a passage which shows that she, at least, does grasp what detente is all about: "The Russians have had a different interpretation of detente. For them, the word has meant the preservation of their own security at the same time as they enjoyed access to Western foodstuffs and technology on easy terms and the chance to extend, by overt and covert means, their influence and political control wherever opportunity offered."

The disarray of the Western alliance is centered upon political semantics. That is why this year's elections are so crucial. With luck, they could bring to power, in Bonn and Washington, men who understand what cold war and detente really mean. □

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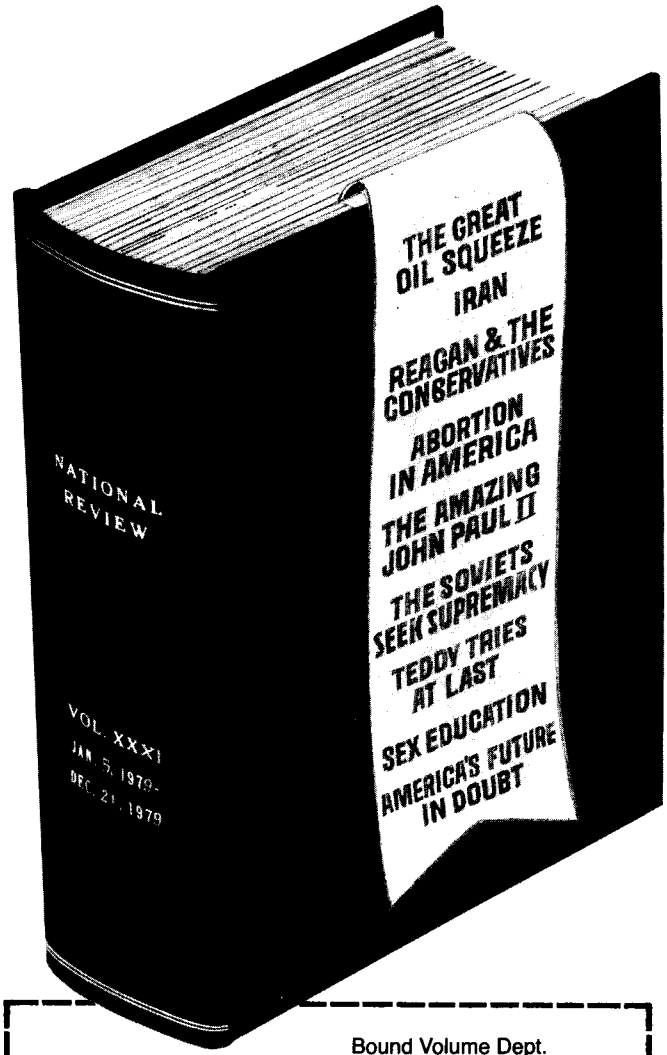

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The Potomac All-Stars

NEAL B. FREEMAN

It is a commonplace of fashionable chatter to bemoan the passing of the Washington columnist. Compared with ever-brighter memories of the departed greats, men whose reputations appear to wax in direct proportion to the number of years since their deaths, the incumbent class is said to be a dull and colorless lot. Quite possible. We weren't around when giants walked the earth. What we do notice, though, is a new energy and a new thoughtfulness among the current practitioners of the trade. A report on the most conspicuous examples . . .

George F. Will is the main man of Washington journalism. From the humblest beginnings, the sweatshops of opinion journalism, Will has become the most influential commentator in the nation's capital. He is most admired by his colleagues for his deft use of the apposite quote. (Fellow professionals recoil from the logical explanation for his success—hard work.) Defying predictions from both ends of the spectrum, Will has emerged as an unabashed hard-liner on national security matters.

Kneejerk, with Style

Mary McGrory—on *her*, kneejerk liberalism sometimes looks good. She has been turning out elegant columns for the *Washington Star* through three of its incarnations—as a family-owned pillar of Republican respectability, as the front end of a Texas-sized deal, and now as an appendage of Time Inc.'s media conglomerate. Through it all she has sailed serenely, turning phrases that break the hearts of lesser writers, of whom there are several thousand here, and issuing political judgments that, to say no more, are only infrequently confirmed by events.

On political matters, David Broder's column for the *Post* is the last word. It would be difficult to overstate the impact his analyses carry with either the political players or his fellow reporters. We have seen brand-name writers do graceless 180s when caught on the wrong side of a Broder piece.

For ages Joseph Kraft sagged around town carrying a three-hundred-pound signboard reading, "The next Walter Lippmann." He wasn't and he isn't, but when he realized that nobody else was either, he was able to cast aside the burden. Now he travels under his own name as the classic Washington columnist, making the ritual stops at K Street restaurants for lunch, the Hill for an afternoon interview, and Embassy Row for a "working party." This is called reporting. Long a cheerleader for the detente lobby, his column has been startlingly hard-line in recent months.

Members of the Electronic Press (our apologies for the bizarre regionalism) are perceived as conduits of the news rather than as shapers. The women are blonde and the men are brunette and the voices issue from the epicenter of American culture (actually a small town 15 miles east of Wichita, where schoolchildren are required to talk like David Brinkley). Sam Donaldson of ABC News is different. He's smug and pushy and as hungry for stories as any print reporter. It's impossible to ignore him, which is not to say that everybody has abandoned the effort.

James Jackson Kilpatrick is a graceful, much-admired writer, syndicated roughly everywhere. To aficionados, his exchanges with Carl Rowan, not Shana Alexander, are the classics.

Walter Mears is the Number One reporter at the Number One news agency, the Associated Press. Watch for his byline in agate type. You will know you are reading the definitive account of political events.

Rowland Evans and Robert Novak are the good cop and the bad cop of Washington journalism. They have polished their independent images to such a high shine that in the span of a single evening you can hear Georgetown sparklies call it "Rowlie's column" and GOP pols call it "Novak's column." While it is fashionable to badmouth their column, it is obligatory to read it. They understand the theater of Washington politics, and they produce consistently idiomatic copy.

William F. Buckley Jr. is not a Washingtonian by residence but he's a media omnipresence as *Star* columnist, television host, best-selling novelist, and prolific author of subscription renewal notices. If only he could learn to write with a little flair . . .

If power means that the color will drain from a senator's face when your name is mentioned. Sally Quinn still has some. Her profiles for the *Washington Post*'s Style section have been known to turn surnames into verbs, conveying the nuance of aggressively embarrassing behavior. Only in the nation's capital would people continue to answer her calls.

Jack Germond, a Front Page political editor for the *Star*, tends to spot three and a half trends for every one that materializes, but he's a crack shot on campaign developments. He is syndicated (along with *Star* colleague Jules Witcover) and can be relied upon for way-inside stuff.

Greatest of All

The Compleat Columnist—this analyst's name is too obvious to mention, the greatest of all. (Veteran political observers may recognize this as a variation on the vice presidential ploy. The presidential candidate promises the second spot on the ticket to 27 delegates, telling each of them that "it's down to you and one other guy." The other guy gets it, of course.)

Rookies of the Year: A former political hack, as Mark Shields himself puts it, now a beguiling radio talk show host. His politics are sentimental Irish liberal, but he dispenses copious quantities of wit and wisdom to a growing audience of Washingtonians. When you're in town, be sure to catch his show on Saturday morning. It will give you the flavor of the Class Reunion, a bar which serves as a Washington embassy for media potentates.

Well known to readers of this journal, Joseph Sobran has made a splash at the *Post* with his new syndicated column. Whenever he appears the mailroom braces for the predictable response, a flood of letters from friend and foe. His criticism of cultural trends takes no prisoners.

Note: In deference to the *Zeitgeist* we feel obliged to state that we have a personal or professional relationship, directly or indirectly, with most of those we have mentioned. That's Washington. But the list is about right anyway. □

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New diet for insurance executives!

Eating crow is not our favorite gastronomic experience.

But we've recently discovered that hearing you out, even on very unpleasant matters, can be healthy for both of us.

Last year, for example, Ætna sat down with the National People's Action coalition to digest complaints about the way property

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insurance is sold—and *not* sold—in inner-city neighborhoods.

That dialogue produced results you should appreciate.[1] Just as other consumer contacts have encouraged changes like our Privacy Protection hotline. And the new, lower-cost Æconomaster life insurance.[2]

Our 91,000 discussions last year with often less-than-chummy consumers indicate, however, that there are still answers we haven't found.

A lot of you aren't happy about who pays what for auto insurance. So we're taking another look at how rates are figured by age, sex, and marital status.[3]

And absolutely *none* of you out there is happy about steadily-rising health care costs. Which is why we're taking a hard look at the entire health care system, including health policies themselves.[4]

The point is simple: *If we're going to offer the kind of insurance you need and want today, we have to listen—and not just to what we like to hear.*[5]

Ætna may not agree with your every gripe. If not, we'll tell you so. But we promise you'll get action, not words, when we do.

Ætna wants insurance to be affordable.

1 Talks with the NPA—a consumer coalition of over 100 inner-city neighborhood groups—led to a three-fold test program now underway in sections of Chicago, Cleveland, New York, and Philadelphia. We're encouraging agents there to help us write more homeowner's insurance. In two of these cities, we're offering a new "Home Value Policy" that makes inner-city insurance affordable. And we've put up a $225,000 grant to help reclaim rundown areas, backed by a commitment of up to $15 million in higher-risk urban development loans.

2 The hotline is just the most recent expression of our long-standing concern. If you want to know what information we have about you on file, just ask. If you tell us something's wrong, we'll reinvestigate and respond. As to Æconomaster, it not only offers lower premiums to start with, it can lower them even further when interest rates go up—a hedge against inflation.

3 Our studies so far show that about half of you think the traditional rating criteria are unfair. When told that new criteria could mean more money out of your pocket, however, only about a third still thought change was a good idea. In the real world, decisions often involve some tradeoff between costs and benefits. What we have here are two problems to solve at once.

4 Ætna recognizes we've helped fuel rising costs by selling health insurance that doesn't always give the consumer a reason to be concerned about them. Deductibles and co-insurance while effective aren't always popular. Unfortunately we too often give the customer what he wants without looking at the tradeoffs. We also haven't done enough to educate people to take better care of themselves or know when they're sick. Prevention is still cheaper than treatment.

5 It's now company policy to invite representatives from groups like the National Consumers' League up to Hartford. And Ætna now has 21 of its own consumer representatives who respond to your questions, suggestions, and complaints—somewhat unusual for an industry that's spent the last hundred years mostly listening to itself.

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Marching Through Georgia

RICHARD BROOKHISER

THE HOLIDAY INN on Delk Road in Marietta, Georgia isn't exactly a pleasure dome, but that's all right, because John Connally hasn't come there for pleasure. He must address a breakfast rally in Marietta at 8:30 in the morning, and he has flown in the night before from Florida, where he gave a press conference in Miami and opened a phone bank in West Palm Beach. With a schedule like that, luxury is beside the point, and when morning comes, the aides and reporters bundle into the motorcade almost willingly.

Republicans face four early Southern primaries this year (several of them moved forward at the urging of Connally supporters): South Carolina on March 8; Alabama, Florida, and Georgia on March 11. Connally's strategists have been slighting New Hampshire all along, almost as an act of *lèse-majesté*—let Reagan take it, if he can; we're going to crush him in his own backyard, among all those Southerners who cried at Kansas City and worshipped the ground he walked on. But now that George Bush has become a real person, and a respectable showing for Connally in New Hampshire seems unlikely, winning in the South is suddenly a matter of self-preservation. Connally won't fail for lack of trying.

The moon has dimmed to a smoky circle by the time the cars pull into the Cobb County Civic Center. The Center sits on a small hill, like a barrow, and the entourage walks up to it over the rimy grass. The rally is for "man-in-the-street types," an advance man remarks, and inside, three hundred men in the street and their wives are sitting at tables on a basketball court, chatting, waiting, and applauding a high-school-age jazz band in white jackets. About 25 young people, 23 of them wearing cowboy hats with Connally bumperstickers wrapped around the crowns, two of them in Uncle Sam suits, cluster at the door to cheer his entrance. The warm-up speaker announces "the man who can turn this country around," the band plays the theme from *Rocky*, the breakfasters stand; John Connally throws out a compliment (to the "lovely ladies and good-looking young men"), a joke ("If you think you're put 'pon attending a breakfast speech, just think what'd be if you had to make one"), then begins.

Everybody has said it, but it is a fact so striking that it forces itself to be restated— Connally is the handsomest man running, maybe the handsomest ever to run. Zachary Taylor looks good in some daguerreotypes, and Washington was supposed to have been impressive before he got his wooden teeth, but Connally causes a start in the chest that only horses, Irish setters, and virile men, of all the animal kingdom, can induce. Age has ripened him: 15 years ago, his sharp features looked mean. Now they look mean only when he smiles (his quick grins, on the other hand, are charming). His hair is white and wavy; he wears a black, pin-striped three-piece suit, and fills every inch of it.

HE STARTS by recalling his support of the Lockheed loan when he was Nixon's Secretary of the Treasury. "It's one thing I'm proud of. I had to carry the legislation for the Lockheed loan through the Congress. . . . I wish this Administration would order more C-5As, 'cause if we need anything, we're going to need more transport capability." Lockheed has a plant in the area (visible from the Civic Center parking lot), and the local reference is a characteristic Connally opening. The swift modulation— from C-5As to foreign policy—is also typical. Connally's speeches move through three large subjects—inflation, energy, and foreign policy— and the facts and situations he cites remain broadly the same; but he speaks without notes, cutting, patching, restitching as the spirit moves him.

"Imagine a map," he tells the Georgians, "a map of the world." Carter had said in his State of the Union message that America has improved its relations with every country in the world; in fact, "all 'round this globe, we're worse off" (not "*all* 'round," he corrects himself—"we gave 'em the Panama Canal, we're better off there for the time being"). He flashes back to the Bay of Pigs, when he was Secretary of the Navy. "I said, 'Let's use the Navy; let's use airpower.' We didn't; we lost it. And now Cuba is exporting Communist soldiers, Communist doctrine, Communist ideology, Communist terrorism all over the world." Connally exhales parallel constructions instead of carbon dioxide; he flicks

This is the second in a series of profiles of the presidential candidates by Mr. Brookhiser, a senior editor of NR.

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place-names like a fly-fisherman making casts. Why is there trouble in Trinidad, Tobago, Grenada? Because 70 per cent of our oil comes through the Gulf of Mexico, past Aruba, Curaçao, Willemstad. "*That's* why they're there, *that's* why they're moving, *that's* why they're causing trouble in the Caribbean."

Connally gives the globe a spin. Why did the Soviets take Mozambique? Because Mozambique controls the Madagascar straits, and "they understand the value of the narrow seas." Why Ethiopia and South Yemen? So that they now have the Red Sea "in an absolute pincer movement." Why Afghanistan? "Not because of Kabul; not because of Afghanistan"; but because "the Strait of Hormuz is 350 miles away, within range of their fighter planes." Why has the President done nothing? Because he is "lectured to, talked to, surrounded by, encouraged by" advisors who want "to solve the world's problems on a one-world basis."

And now, Connally bowls along, the President is suddenly talking tough: now Clark Clifford, visiting India, has warned that any Russian attack on Pakistan would be considered an act of war. "What kind of war?" Suddenly he stops, assertiveness converted to bafflement. "Where? With what? . . . We're not capable of fighting a war. The only way to do it is increase the military strength of a nation and have it at the point of contact." This *is* quite a modulation, from about C major to F-sharp. There is no logical contradiction, of course, between Connally's picture of a world bustling with Soviets, and his warning that America is not now capable of fighting them openly; but he puts so much passion into each statement, they seem to clash. The speech hits an emotional air pocket.

He hurtles on, heedless. "Nations don't show gratitude; nations respect," and this thought leads back to his stint at Treasury, and thence to economics. He cites a trade agreement he once negotiated. "Nine countries were against me, nine to one. And all the international bankers said I was too tough. . . . I wasn't tough, I was firm. . . . I'm not running for president of the world, I'm running for President of the United States . . ." Applause drowns the end of the sentence.

Inflation: unnoticed, he has taken a dollar bill out of his jacket pocket, and now he flourishes it. "That's a piece of paper." People distrust it because it's not "sound and stable and sturdy . . . and that's why gold sells for $850, and silver sells for $50, and people buy antiques and Orientals and anything they can get their hands on. . . . We can do something about it. Why don't we do something about it? Why haven't we done something about it?"

THE PRESIDENCY, he reminds them in closing, should not be given as a "trophy for past service," or to the candidate who "is a nice fellow" (and if anyone should happen to think of a former governor of California, initials RR, Connally will not challenge the inference); it should go instead to the man who "can do the job" when he gets there. "Who do you want negotiating with Japan?" he demands. "With Leonid Brezhnev? With Helmut Schmidt? With Valéry Giscard d'Estaing?" A voice cries, "John Connally!" Connally twinkles ("Thank you. I thought you would never say that"), then shifts to Congress. "I've known 'em all for forty years. . . . They call me a wheeler-dealer, and I guess I am to some extent, 'cause I can deal with them, wheel and deal in the Congress. . . . I'm in the horse-trade line, and I know enough not to come out with a horse that's blind in one eye, and spavined to boot." The crowd cheers, the band plays "The Yellow Rose of Texas" in an arrangement that sounds as if it were done by a deaf man, and Connally goes upstairs to tape an interview.

Connally and Mr. Local Newsman sit in a pair of yellow stuffed chairs in Meeting Room #1. "We won't win in New England," Connally admits; "in these days, you can't run in fifty states." His campaign in Georgia, on the other hand, he says is in "excellent shape." The Arkansas caucuses last weekend had been a disappointment: Reagan and Baker teamed up to euchre Bush and, incidentally, Connally, but Connally denies having given a "major effort" there, just one party. *What about your image as a wheeler-dealer?* the newsman asks cunningly, and Connally hits it out of the park. "They're all wheeler-dealers. They trade, they swap, they bargain, they compromise." *Jimmy Carter's a wheeler-dealer?* "Sure he is; not a very good one." The newsman tries shifting to high ground—*You're not an idealist, then*—but Connally arrives a step ahead of him: "Ideas untempered by realism are empty dreams." *Change of parties?* "My ideals were precisely the same when I was a Democrat." *Personal ambition?* "I joined the Republicans in May 1973, when the party was at its lowest ebb." *What about little people—poor, on welfare?* Connally proves his compassion from his record as governor, but "the real question" is how to "improve the delivery systems. I think we can do that."

Why has the President done nothing? Because he is 'lectured to, talked to, surrounded by, encouraged by' advisors who want to solve the world's problems on a one-world basis

Connally has been twiddling his thumbs for five minutes now, but when the interview ends, he thanks the newsman graciously. "Yes *sir*, thank *you*, I 'preciate your help."

Since the next stop of the morning is in another state, the motorcade heads for the Charlie Brown County Airport, where a green and white Grumman Gulfstream eventually lands. Connally drinks fruit juice and reads the *Wall Street Journal* through black-rimmed half-glasses; and by the time he's finished, the plane deposits him in Huntsville, Alabama.

Connally is here to do a live radio broadcast of an hour-long question-and-answer session in the Huntsville High School auditorium; but before that, there are cookies and coffee, courtesy of the home-economics department. Huntsville's home-ec department has an L-shaped living and dining room, fully furnished, with sofas, chairs, and round

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glass-topped tables. "We keep the students out," a teacher says cheerily, "so it stays pretty neat." Connally meets the principal, the student-body president, two Texans, and a cheerleader in an upper-thigh-high skirt, nervously flexing her leg. A dozen more cheerleaders precede him into the auditorium when the show starts. Connally chats with the band in the pit, joins the moderator at a table onstage, apologizes for being seated, and makes his opening remarks.

"I'm proud to be at the home of the Redstone Arsenal," is the local color for Huntsville, and he offers some relevant figures: American defense spending, from 1968 to 1979, went down 19 per cent; Soviet defense spending rose by 92 per cent. American research and development of all kinds sank from 3 per cent of the GNP to 2 per cent. "Part of that stems from the fact we were unwilling to build the SST. We scuttled it, we walked away from it. . . . You're going to have to pay the price. The capitalist system depends on being ahead of the rest of the world. There's no turning back."

Mr. Local Newsman opens the questioning. *What should we do about the hostages in Iran?* Connally replies that he had called the Middle East "the most vital, volatile, vulnerable area of the world" in a speech on October 11 (the same speech which caused such wailing and gnashing of teeth among friends of Israel; now perhaps Connally can get some good out of it). He repeats the suggestions he made then—American bases in the Sinai; a new Fifth Fleet in the Indian Ocean—and adds that if we had begun to do all those things, the hostages would likely never have been taken. *Are you the candidate of big business?* Forty-one thousand people, he answers, have given him $100 or less; "I do defend business, not big business." *Are you* (let us search for an original expression) *a—wheeler-dealer?* Another Connally hit floats out toward the bleachers; "If you don't like that process," he adds, "you'd better change the form of government."

Return on equity for oil companies, Connally points out, is only at the median for American corporations. 'I would tell them to put it back into research and exploration,' and tax them if they didn't

The audience takes over, lining up behind a mike in the left-hand aisle. *Windfall profits?* Return on equity for oil companies, Connally points out, is only at the median for American corporations. "I would tell them to put it back into research and exploration," and tax them if they didn't. *Homosexuality?* "I don't believe in permissiveness of the abnormal" (tremendous applause). "In a nation of 225 million, we can't all do our thing. Subject to those restraints, I'm for the greatest possible freedom" (applause again). *Drafting women?* Connally's official position on the draft is precise, and he doesn't always explain his own nuances. He would forgo the draft until such time as the Joint Chiefs said it was necessary; he opposes registration now, but he is in favor of putting "the machinery of registration" in place. As far as women are concerned, it's all moot: "I wouldn't draft women for combat" (applause). A ringer, a former Reagan district chairman recently converted to Connally, expresses concern about illegal aliens, but Connally refuses to give the nativist answer he seems to be fishing for. America should work out a documentation program with the Mexican government, Connally says, perhaps as part of an oil and gas deal; "if the Mexicans knew they could come in and work for six months, I think they'd be willing to go back."

The hour runs down, Connally devotes his closing remark to inflation, which he blames on unbalanced budgets and energy imports. The solution is: to balance the budget, and to rely more heavily on coal and nuclear power. As for the environment, "the worst environment is to be cold, hungry, and unemployed."

This band, at least, knows "The Yellow Rose of Texas." Connally shakes hands all the way down the aisle going out, and the Grumman takes him to Greenville, South Carolina.

THE CONNALLY entourage spends two and a half uncharacteristically tranquil hours in a Quality Inn nominally outside Greenville, though in fact Nowhere (gas stations, Mr. Pancakes, that kind of thing), then heads into town, while the air fills with shadows and birds, to do four interviews—five minutes live for the evening news, half an hour taped for a talk show, 15 minutes taped for radio, an hour taped for a second TV talk show. Half-way through the second interview, a techie crouched on the floor announces that the mike has gone dead, and Connally and the interviewer back up and start over: same questions, the sixth time that day, the second time in five minutes. Connally goes to two different buildings, and three different rooms; an office with a backdrop of orange dividers, a conference room filled with sports pictures, a full-dress sound studio with Important Events music (brass and tympani being the operative instruments) piped in.

Interviewer #1 mentions the Abscam scandal. Connally plugs a pet scheme—an amendment to limit congressional terms (he is also for the reconfirmation every ten years of federal judges)—and suggests that "we're going to have to establish a new sense of ethics" (and if anyone thinks that's a brinky answer for a man who was tried for bribery, Connally will happily recite his verdict). *Is it true*, asks Interviewer #2, *that FDR is your political hero?* He was "an astute politician doing things that had to be done to pull the country together," but his remedies are now causing problems. *Abortion?* He opposes federal funding, and would "not oppose" an anti-abortion amendment. *ERA?* Connally says he was "for it" originally, but against the extension. (Later tonight, he will say that ERA was "a matter of such great importance" that he was in favor of having it decided by the states.) *How well*, asks Interviewer #3, *do you expect to do in South Carolina?* He expects to finish second, but will consider it a victory if Reagan gets no more than 40 per cent (Reagan had gotten 75 per cent of the vote at a state

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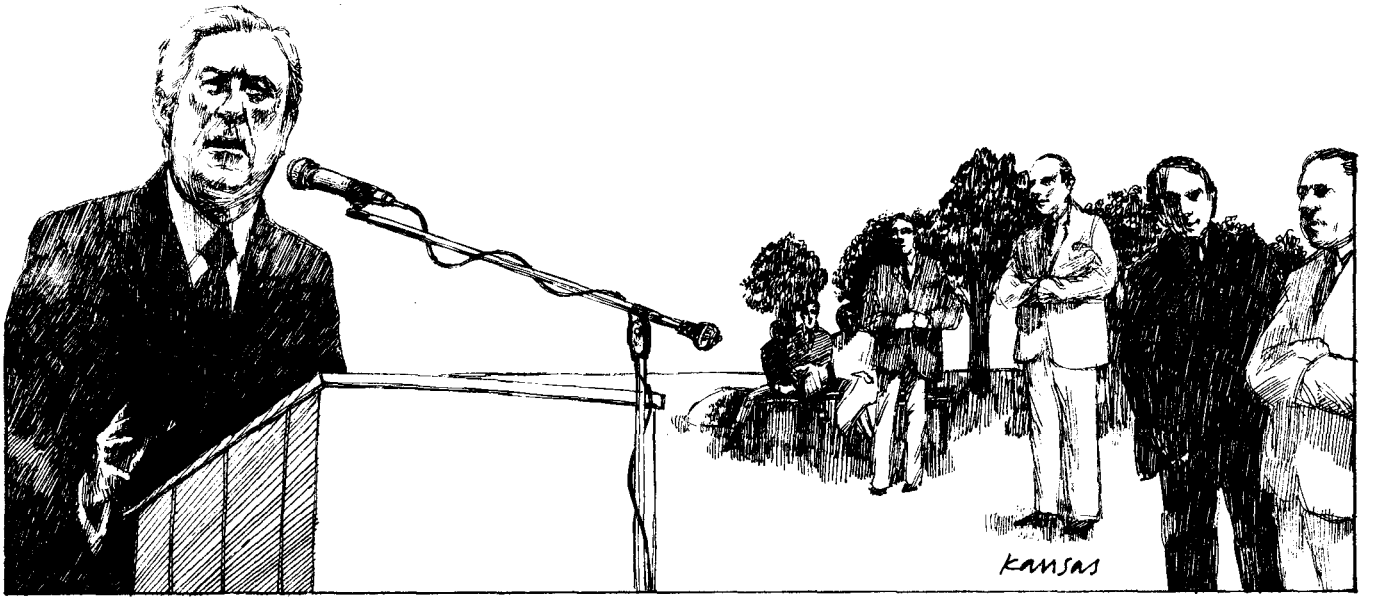

convention in 1976). Interviewer #4 asks about Connally's plans to *"invade [sic] Cuba"* if the Russians move on Pakistan; Connally says a blockade will do just fine, thank you.

The last question-session of the night is public, back in the Quality Inn. Over two hundred Connally supporters, the men all in suits, are packed in a green-wallpapered room. "You've got a good crowd, lots of good people," the advance man tells Connally as he enters. One of the best people is Senator Strom Thurmond; and after Connally has made a long, curling circuit through the crowd, Thurmond mounts a small podium to introduce him. Thurmond may be as old as the tortoises he resembles, but he hasn't forgotten how to make an introduction. Connally, he tells the crowd, opposes "the big spending in Washington"; "knows heads of guvment" and has "presteedge"; and favors a strong national defense. He is an "aggressive, vigorous, tough man"; and so Connally speaks for the third time.

No 40 per cent talk now. "You here in South Carolina can change the course of history." He gives his tour of the globe; says Carter's war talk will be taken as "bluff"; recalls that when he was Secretary of the Treasury, he worked to prevent Korea, Japan, Taiwan, and Singapore from underselling South Carolina's textile mills. When he's President, he concludes, "you're gonna be represented, and I'm gonna represent you, and you're the only ones I'm gonna represent."

And since the first event tomorrow morning is in Florence, South Carolina, the motorcade files out to the moonlit airport where the blinking Grumman waits.

JOHN BOWDEN CONNALLY JR. was born February 27, 1917, in Floresville, Texas, fourth of eight children. His father worked by turns at tenant-farming, butchering, barbering, and bus driving; his home did not have electricity until 1940. John Jr. remembers his father as fair, though not to be crossed when drunk (the son doesn't touch hard liquor). He remembers also riding into town on horseback at night, ten miles round-trip, for rehearsals of high-school plays.

Connally continued to act at the University of Texas where, during a production of Ferenc Molnar's *Liliom*, he met a follow thespian, Idanell Brill. Miss Brill went on to become the University of Texas Sweetheart; Connally became one of the first non-fraternity presidents of the Students' Association. On December 21, 1940 he and Nellie were married.*

For best man, Connally picked Congressman Lyndon Johnson. Connally had stuffed envelopes for Johnson's first campaign in 1938, and worked as Johnson's secretary in Washington for two years until they feuded. Connally then joined the Navy and rose to the rank of Lieutenant Commander. After the war, Johnson—friendly again—helped him and ten other veterans buy an Austin radio station, KVET. Connally in turn managed Johnson's 1948 Senate race, which Johnson won by 87 votes of all kinds (tradition requiring that the ballots of living and dead Texans be counted together).

Connally went to Washington a second time, but soon returned to Texas with the frank purpose of securing "financial independence." In 1952, he succeeded: Sid Richardson, a multimillionaire oil man, took Connally on as an attorney, and when Richardson died in 1959, Connally came into $750,000 as co-executor of the estate. A year later, Connally was back in politics, managing Johnson's race for the Democratic nomination. Johnson lost this time, but persuaded Kennedy to appoint his protégé Secretary of the Navy. (On November 22, 1963, Nellie Connally would speak the last words President Kennedy ever heard.) Connally filled the Navy post for 11 months, then resigned to run for governor of Texas.

Texans gave Connally three two-year terms. He raised taxes, spending, and the budget surplus. He sniped at several Great Society programs that strayed into his state, though he remained sufficiently intimate with the President to be told as early as October 1967 that Johnson had decided not to run again. The antiwar drift in the Democratic Party had begun to annoy Connally as well. He snubbed

*Connally has two sons and one daughter. A second daughter eloped at the age of 16, and shot herself accidentally. Connally never speaks of this, the most rending episode of his life.

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MOST OF AN
TIME IS SPEN
YET IT'S THE
LEAST QUAL

It starts the moment you walk through the door.
The phone rings. You pick it up and listen.
An associate comes into your office with a problem. And you listen.
You rush off to one meeting after another. And listen.
The fact is executives spend more time listening than they do anything else.

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EXECUTIVE'S T LISTENING. THING HE'S IFIED TO DO.

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Humphrey early in the 1968 campaign, and Nixon offered to make him Secretary of Defense. When the Treasury slot became open two years later, Connally accepted.

Nixon's love affair with Connally continues to this day. "Only three men in America understand the use of power," Nixon once said swoonily to Arthur Burns. "I do. John Connally does. And I guess Nelson does." In the temperature-controlled, sound-proofed atmosphere of the Haldlichman White House, Connally stood out like a wart on a bald head. His brashness balanced Nixon's shyness, and he could share Nixon's impulse to throw the long bomb.

The longest bomb they threw was undoubtedly the August 1971 wage-and-price freeze. Connally says that he now opposes controls, but that they were a necessary stopgap to counteract the effects of closing the gold window (that is, forbidding foreign central banks to buy American gold at $35 an ounce). Connally's arguments in 1971 were somewhat different. The purpose of the freeze, he told the Ways and Means Committee, was to break the psychology of inflation (it of course did no such thing). Whatever the reason, Connally lobbied forcefully for his and Nixon's program. If Nixon had had his way, Connally would be finishing his first term now.

Whatever the reason, Connally lobbied forcefully for his and Nixon's program. If Nixon had had his way, Connally would be finishing his first term now

Nixon did not have his way about his own term, much less Connally's. In 1974, the flood of Watergate accusations washed over the Texan—a grand jury, acting on the testimony of only one witness, indicted him for accepting $10,000 in bribes from a milk industry lobbyist. The lobbyist was a self-confessed perjurer, turning state's evidence to escape a charge of bank fraud. Connally deployed Edward Bennett Williams and a kickline of Democratic character witnesses —Dean Rusk, Robert McNamara, Lady Bird Johnson, Robert Strauss, Barbara Jordan. The jury believed Connally, and returned a verdict of not guilty.

Connally was now left to pursue the Presidency in his new party on his own. He watched the Reagan-Ford slugfest, waiting for something to break. Nothing did, not even the Vice Presidency. He plugged candidates in 1978, and announced his own candidacy in January of last year. With Reagan as the front-runner, Connally's strategy has been to break out of the pack and become chief runner-up. He has wowed regional Republican conventions. He has raised pots of money (if Connally is not the candidate of big business, he is certainly the preferred candidate of big businessmen). He has floated new shiny ideas on a variety of subjects—his October 11 speech on the Middle East was, among other things, an attempt to sound different. [See Laurence Beilenson's article, p. 286.]

So why is Connally still in the pack?

Iran undoubtedly hurt him. With the nation rallied, at least temporarily, around the President, all political motion was frozen. Connally has also brought bad luck on himself—the October 11 speech made a rather larger splash than he had intended.

Yet Connally's deepest difficulties have to do, not with events, but with thoughts and moods: specifically, with the ideology and temperament of the conservatives within the Republican Party.

This may seem to be a paradox. Connally is usually described as a conservative; many conservatives, from Strom Thurmond to Richard Viguerie, support him. Yet the suspicions are also there. This summer, the New Right gave Connally a private audition in Washington; reviews were bad. Some of the most sulphuric critiques of Connally have appeared in *Human Events*.

Connally's conservative critics often seem scattershot, diffuse. They string together lists and wave them. He would not support a right-to-life amendment ("I would not oppose" one is how he puts it in South Carolina). He has said he is "not the least bit interested in deregulating the trucking industry." He backed ERA when it was first proposed. He toyed with the idea of mandatory national service, until the criticism (Milton Friedman called it "totalitarian") made him back off. He waffles on Davis-Bacon. He has said the government "has to be involved" in a synthetic fuels program.

Yet behind all these positions—behind all of Connally's positions—there lies a common habit of mind. Over and over, Connally and his introducers stressed his experience, his firmness, his skill in playing by the Washington rules. There is no problem, they imply, that can't be solved by a savvy enough man—say, John Connally. But if the problem is incorrectly posed, or the rules require changing—what then? The devil-word here is pragmatism, a word Connally admires and fondles. Too many conservatives see him as Nixon in cowboy boots, Moynihan without a bow tie. It is a long way from the conscious Corporate Socialism with which some of Connally's gaudier critics tax him, but it is not an approach Con-

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nally's conservative critics are comfortable with. They enjoy his flair, they agree with him on many issues, they do not even distrust him. They simply trust him to do too many things they don't like.

Florence, South Carolina starts off badly. There is a kook at the breakfast rally at Bonneau's Restaurant. There is a kook at every rally, but politicians pray he will keep quiet. This one, however (conspicuous among the suits in his green fatigue jacket), proceeds to inform Connally that the Federal Government is a fraud, and that South Carolina ratified the Constitution at the insistence of "slave-consuming high-church Episcopalians." Connally thanks him for his questions, moves on to the next one, and plays with the coins in his pocket all through the subsequent press conference.

Things go better in Montgomery, Alabama. Connally will address a couple hundred people in Court St. Plaza (the northern side of the fountain is girdled in ice), but before this, he pays a visit to George Wallace. Wallace lives in a brick house in a new suburb. Aides regard the brown lawns while Connally talks with him privately. Ten minutes later, the press may enter. Wallace has just come out of the hospital after an operation, and the protagonist of every 12-year-old liberal nightmare lies in bed, propped on pillows. "Governor Connally," he says, "has paid a courtesy call on me as he's done before. I've known him since 1956, and we're good friends. When my wife was in the hospital in 1968, he was very kind to us. If he is nominated and elected, he'd make a fine President." Is Wallace making an endorsement? the press wants to know. Did he offer any tips? "I'm out of politics," he murmurs, "you know that . . ."

"I came to pay my respects to an old friend," Connally interjects, "I don't want to intrude—"

"You're not intruding," Wallace says weakly, "I enjoy seeing you." He repeats that they are friends, recalls that they were both delegates to the Democratic Convention in 1956, speculates that some Democrats might cross over on primary day . . . Connally hints again, and this time the press files out. *The glories of our blood and state are shadows.*

Tuscaloosa, Alabama also offers a speech and a visit: a speech to the students at the University of Alabama, a visit to Coach Bear Bryant (a.k.a God). Bryant's offices in the Coliseum are bigger than the entire campus of Hillsdale College; floor to ceiling photographs of stadiums decorate the walls. Coach and candidate talk privately for twenty minutes, then shake hands for the cameras. "All I'm running for," Bryant smiles, "is the next SEC title."

And in Savannah, Georgia, Connally only has to give a speech, the last. Two hundred supporters have gathered on the old railroad platform, now the Savannah Visitors Center, for a barbecue, and a dose of bitter, flu-inducing wind. Connally sits on a platform with half a dozen local Republicans, who applaud politely while former Governor Ernest Vandiver evokes such GOP icons as Richard Russell and Herman Talmadge. Vandiver gets the important parts right, though "a strong, respected leader." Connally speaks for 47 minutes, and though applause is a sacrifice, for it means taking your hands out of your pockets, the audience offers it.

As the primary season, and its ugly child, the straw-vote season, continue more and more to resemble the Long March, it grows increasingly rash to count anyone out. Leads may build and evaporate and build again; a man may drop half a dozen primaries, and still send the game into overtime. Yet given the time and the effort and the talk Connally has invested in the South, it would seem that if he doesn't win at least one early primary there, he can kiss the nomination goodbye. Looks, brains, energy, money, contacts, talent coming out of his ears—all these John Connally has. All he lacks is votes. □

Epigrams

A Method Actor's Epitaph
Often he died: on stage, and in New Haven;
But never in so permanent a fashion.

On a Grammarian
I have but to think of the grammarian
Heliodorus, and I commit a solecism.

Apollonius: To Callimachus
This chiseled poem is yours without a doubt,
Callimachus, but chiseled from whose marble
and whose mouth?

From Lucian
If wisdom resided in a beard
Then every old goat would be revered.

High-Court Hero
Having acquitted his ninety-second rape,
They struck him off a medal:
"Unfortunate."

Prefixed to a Collection of T's Works
I am the Theocritus who wrote
These poems; not the other one nobody quotes.

From Martial
Mamercus, you write nothing, yet you claim
The fame of poet. Fine. But promise to write—nothing.

Semi-Private Epitaph
Skopas the specialist improved my bile,
But the rest of me succumbed to his bill.

To an Old Cynic
Dog in the manger? More anger in your bark
Than in your bite; toothless, you learn to lick.

Matho the Poet
Matho's enamored of posterity,
Which turns on him a cold posterior.

—Richard O'Connell

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CONNALLY'S MIDEAST PLAN

Can It Work?

LAURENCE W. BEILENSON

WITH HIS USUAL lack of cant, Sam Rayburn once defined a statesman as a dead politician. Whether the Middle East solution proposed by John Connally will help him politically only a prophet can foretell. As a matter of genuine statesmanship, however, the solution fails, because of Connally's assumption that a settlement treaty settles.

The key sentence in Connally's speech of last October 11 was: "We must now pursue a new approach based not merely on individual Arab or Israeli interests, but on American interests." My analysis will limit itself to America's national interest without reference to ethics or our long-standing friendship with Israel; Arab and Israeli interests will intrude only as they affect the ability of Connally's means to accomplish his ends.

What do we get out of Connally's solution and how? Point 7 of his proposal states: "We must secure a clear understanding from Saudi Arabia and other moderate oil-producing nations in the region that a just and comprehensive peace settlement means a return to stable oil prices in real terms." The only legally binding method of making such an understanding would be a treaty fixing the price by amount or formula and specifying the number of barrels to be produced over a stated number of years.

The chance of obtaining such a treaty is small. Apparently Connally believes that the reason for high oil prices is the Arab-Israeli dispute. But oil producers unconcerned with that dispute still charge all the market will bear. Just as Connally stresses America's interest, the Saudis think of their own. There is no reason to believe that they will forgo their lucrative prices for the sake of the Palestinians or the Syrians.

Even if the Saudis and others nevertheless gave the promise, the whole history of political treaties, and particularly of settlement treaties, predicts breach. The commonest type of settlement treaty has been the treaty closing a war. A glance at such treaties and at a historical atlas shows that such pacts have been regularly overturned. Even easier to break is a promise to produce and export at a given price. Our own history should teach the futility of expecting compliance. Although the final peace treaty settling the Revolutionary War averred that it was made "In the Name of the Most Holy & Undivided Trinity," both nations promptly broke the pact. Moreover, from the history of subversion we learn how normal a state of affairs is the overthrow of governments. Saudi Arabia, an autocracy, is vulnerable. After an overthrow, it has been customary for governments to disavow disadvantageous treaties. And if we do not read history, at least we should regard Iran.

The other benefit Connally proposes to bestow on the United States is peace in the Middle East resulting from his comprehensive settlement plan, under which "Israel must withdraw from the West Bank, Gaza, and Golan, all of which will be demilitarized." The Palestinians will decide whether to have a state on the West Bank or to affiliate with Jordan. Jerusalem is to be negotiated. "As a further guarantee of the ultimate settlement," the United States should "organize" a new treaty alliance for the Middle East, including NATO, the U.S., Japan, Israel, and "the moderate Arab states." "The United States should maintain a strong military presence in this vital area."

A Meaningless Proposal

One of the purposes of the comprehensive settlement is to stop the Soviets from making mischief in the region. But the Soviets already have a base in South Yemen. Moreover, from time to time they have moved in and out of Iran, Egypt, Syria, and Iraq. All the Arab states are autocracies; all are subject to the contending ambitions of men coveting power. As an external subverter, the Soviets can do quite well with or without the Arab-Israeli dispute.

The alliance Connally proposes is meaningless. Who, pray, are the "moderate Arab states"? Today Egypt is moderate; yesterday it was the leader of the immoderates; tomorrow, who knows? Japan does not provide even the forces to defend *itself*; we do. What can it add? The NATO countries spend more on defense than Japan, but we still pay for part of their defense and provide men and nuclear cover as well. NATO's contribution would be merely formal. Essentially, what Connally is offering Israel is an American guarantee of the territory it still has left after the settlement.

The initial question is whether Israel would accept, which turns on the worth of our guarantee. For it to be effective even on paper, we would have to promise that we would go to war if Israel were attacked; but we have no such unequivocal treaty with any nation. In recommending ratification of the North Atlantic Treaty, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee emphasized that the treaty does not bind us to go to war even if our allies are attacked by the USSR. And if we did make an unequivocal agreement with Israel, performance would still depend on the cloudy question: Who fired the first shot? Anyway, all our alliance treaties have cancellation clauses; the longest requires only a two-year notification.

Assume, however, a treaty forever, whereby we guaranteed to join on the Israeli side in any war in which Israel was engaged. Not only have all nations regularly violated their treaties; all nations also have regularly dishonored their guarantees. In our 1778 alliance treaty with France, we guaranteed it the French West Indies "for ever." George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, and Thomas Jefferson participated in breaking that guarantee. Theodore Roosevelt broke our guarantee to Colombia of its possession of and sovereignty over the Isthmus of Panama. We did not keep the informal promises we made to Israel in order to induce it to retire from the territory it had won in

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the 1956 war. In regard to the demilitarized zone, the Israelis will remember that the treaty of Versailles and the treaties of Locarno created a demilitarized zone on the left bank of the Rhine into which Germany promised not to intrude, and into which Adolf Hitler marched without opposition in 1936. So in all likelihood the realistic Israelis would reject the proposal.

The rejection would be the end of the solution unless we tried to coerce its acceptance. To do so, we would have to break the substance of our Camp David promises to sell Israel advanced weapons and to subsidize it, although on the strength of our agreements Israel already has returned to Egypt substantial territory, including oil fields. If we did attempt to break our agreements, then Israel, rather than yielding, might in desperation play its hole card by substituting for the weapons we refused it the atomic nuclear weapons it is capable of producing.

Thus, at the outset, the proposal invites Israeli rejection, which could only be surmounted by a U.S. war to obtain peace. The prospect isn't attractive.

If a comprehensive settlement treaty really settled, the Connally solution might have some merit. One remembers the attempts to fix the boundaries of Greece at the end of the Greek war of independence from Turkey, when, as one agreement succeeded another, the negotiations seemed interminable. Probably it was the exasperation of the diplomats of Greece, Turkey, Britain, France, and Russia who had conducted the negotiations that led them to put in the final treaty of 1832 this statement: "The undersigned Plenipotentiaries of the three Courts and those of the Sublime Porte . . . declare . . . that the prolonged negotiations to which those stipulations have given rise are terminated in such a manner as never to be renewed; in fact the Greek question is irrevocably settled."

The three great Powers which had intervened on the side of Greece fixed its boundaries and guaranteed the treaty, which restricted Greece to the Peloponnesian peninsula, central Greece, and the islands of the Cyclades; the northern boundary was drawn from the Gulf of Arta to the Gulf of Volos. Turkey kept Thessaly, Crete, and Samos. From 1841 to 1913, by repeated subversions, revolts, and wars, Greece annexed all these territories plus Epirus and much of Macedonia. The Greek question did not stay settled. Today in Cyprus the Turkish army faces off against the Greek Cypriots. Greece has refrained from war only because it has known it was overmatched. Diplomats write treaties; power writes history.

Connally proposes an American military presence, presumably to enforce the treaty. For us, that is the worst feature of the solution. Our troops would be hostages to ensure our participation in any war that started where they are stationed. Nor would we be sure which nation we would be engaging to fight.

An Alternative

We are now overcommitted, undermanned, and underequipped. To avoid weakness at other points, we would have to raise, equip, and maintain a new Middle East force. Since the point of the Connally proposal is to cure the hurt to our purse from the high cost of oil, it is fair to consider on the other side of the scale the cost to us of deploying Middle East forces.

Is there any alternative to Connally's solution? None that promises half so much. But step-by-step diplomacy has a *chance* of bringing a peace—whose duration nobody can foretell. The fact is that Israel and Egypt, which have fought so often, are at peace now. Connally criticizes the Carter Administration for not using "a far more forceful American diplomacy." This is precisely the wrong criticism. A study by the Foreign Policy Research Institute reviewed the attempts of American diplomacy in the region and their results. Our experience showed that we only exacerbated the tensions when we tried to impose a comprehensive settlement. The real criticism of President Carter and the State Department is that they, like Connally, have kept trying to impose such a settlement. In fact we have succeeded only when we have played the honest broker between the parties in piecemeal settlements.

Our experience accords with the historical capabilities and limitations of diplomacy, which cannot mend permanently. Only time does that. Diplomacy, however, can patch and give time a chance to heal. Its efforts to do so should be neither sneered at nor neglected.

Of course, we should use our leverage on Israel to stop it from being completely intransigent. We do not need to beat Israel over the head, however; it understands full well how badly it needs the United States, and opposition leaders within Israel will soften its negotiating posture.

Far more difficult is the question of what to do about the price of oil, which the Connally solution does not solve. But that is another subject, from which Connally's attempted solution only distracts our much needed attention. □

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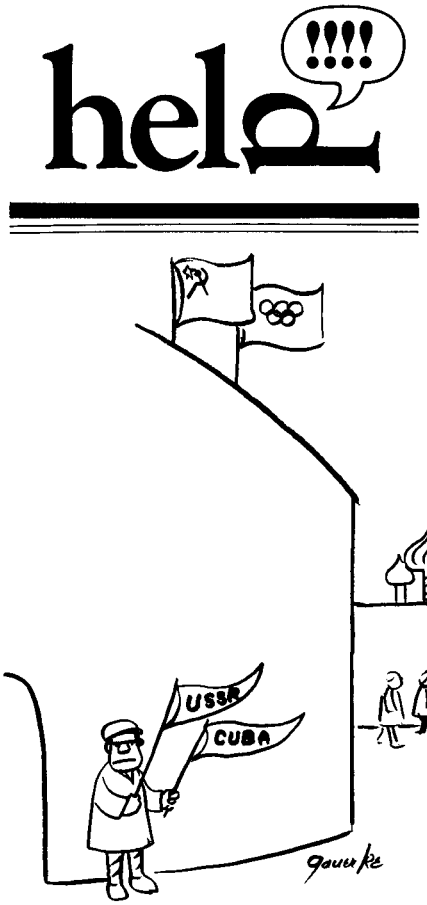
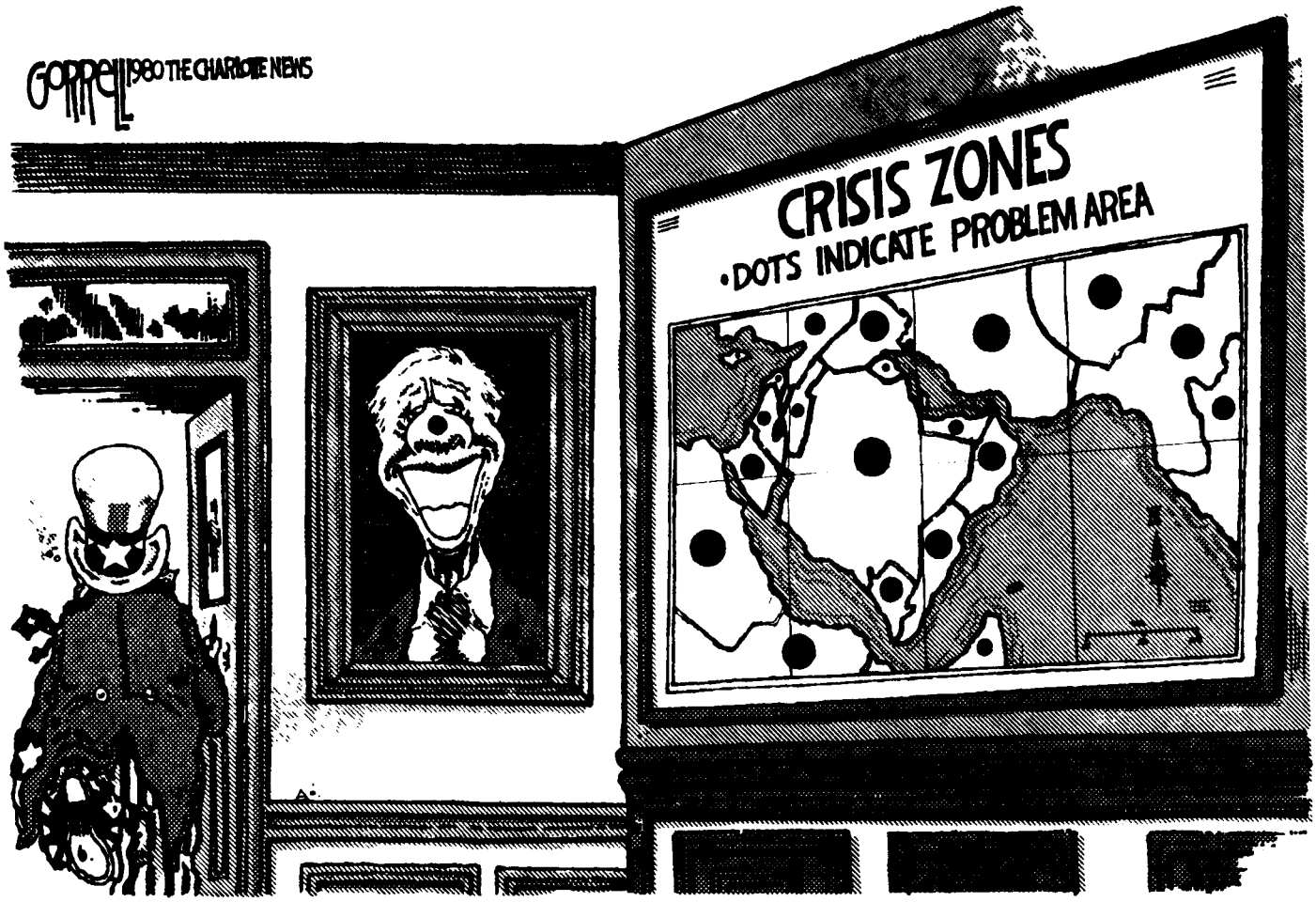


"Mind you, I'm not your stereotypical existentialist."



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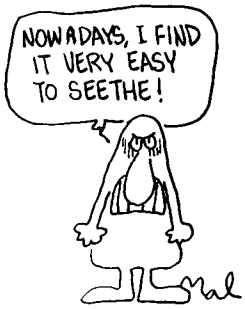
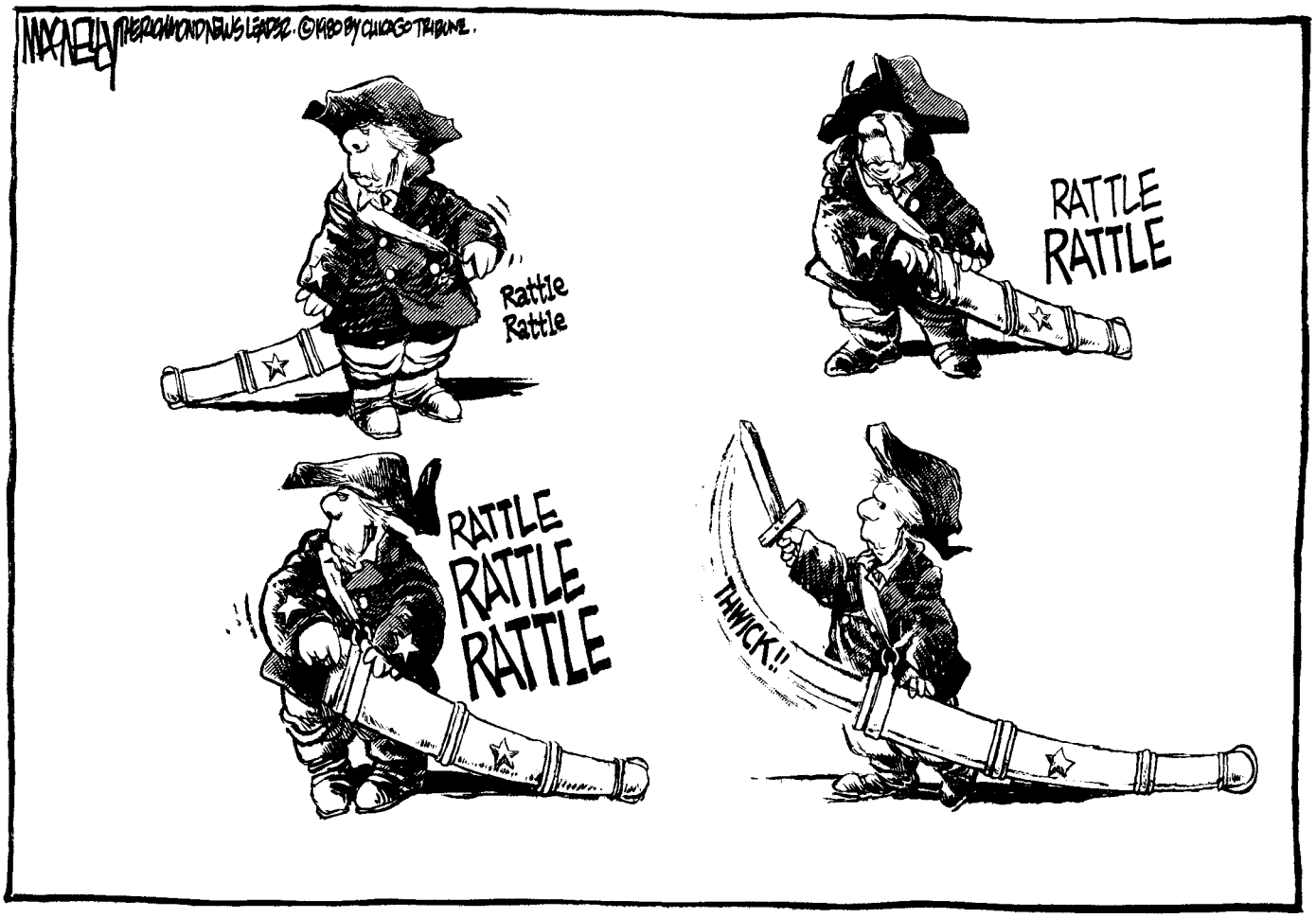
A Master Plan, Please

My black cat likes playing tag
In a big brown paper bag.
When I touch the outside, he'll
Slug that spot with feline zeal,
Keeping up the game until
I decide I've had my fill.
Reading Jimmy Carter's threats
To the marching Soviets
Makes me think of playing tag
With my kitty in his bag.

W. H. VON DREELE





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PAST AND PRESENT

Eisenhower looked like your grandfather, but he handled things masterfully—Lebanon, Guatemala, and Iran. Kennedy, in contrast, had style—but bequeathed us the Bay of Pigs, the Berlin Wall, and Fidel Castro

The 1950s

JEFFREY HART

THE DECADE of the 1950s has been culturally stereotyped as Dullsville—conformist, banal, anti-intellectual. This is a tendentious falsehood, concocted to serve certain serious cultural interests, soon to be specified.

I want to think briefly about the 1950s, mainly culturally but also politically. A correct understanding of that past is necessary to a correct perception of our present.

In his great essay "Tradition and the Individual Talent," T. S. Eliot argued that the literature of the past is also continuously *present*, changing under our very eyes, not at all a static thing. In the year 1880, Dickens was a widely read author, and a widely understood one. There wasn't much controversy about the meaning of Dickens. But in 1980, Dickens's meaning has changed, because Dostoyevsky and Kafka and Freud have intervened between Dickens and us. We see Dickens through them. We see and emphasize different things. Eliot himself changed Shakespeare and maybe even Dante.

In a comparable way, the historical past is constantly changing as it is refracted through the present. Details that were once important fade like the inscriptions on old tombstones. Prominent figures become footnotes, or disappear altogether. Think, for a moment, about the historical 1950s.

Who now reading this, for example, has given much thought lately to Neil McElroy, once Secretary of Defense, once the center of great controversy? Does Sputnik now loom as large as it did in those distant days?

In 1958 the old President, Dwight Eisenhower, with his ileitis, stroke, and heart attacks, was on his way out. He seemed used up, part of the past. From our present perspective, and from the

perspective of history, my hunch is that he is growing in stature.

Of the dead, T. S. Eliot wrote in "Little Gidding": *See, now they vanish,/ The faces and places, with the self which, as it could, loved them, / To become renewed, / Transfigured in another pattern.*

II

In the current received account, the Fifties were a period of intellectual, political, and cultural stagnation: "The Eisenhower Years," as they are called. To a large degree, this is false. I was in college in 1950, and trying to become a literary intellectual. What did the intellectual landscape look like then?

F. R. Leavis at Cambridge was writing some of the most trenchant and combative literary criticism of this century. He, again, was changing the ways in which we see the past, changing the education of his time. At Columbia, the youthful partisans of Leavis lined up against the partisans of Lionel Trilling whose recently published volume of essays, *The Liberal Imagination*, staked out a position opposed to Leavis's, and also sought to renovate American liberalism.

Allen Tate, John Crowe Ransom, R. P. Blackmur at Princeton, Cleanth Brooks at Yale, Robert Penn Warren: the literary revolution sometimes called modernism, launched in the 1920s, was reaching a kind of apogee. T. S. Eliot was at the pinnacle of his reputation, with Robert Frost challenging his preeminence. In 1958, T. S. Eliot read his poems to an overflow crowd at Columbia, and later that night proved to be a prodigious consumer of Kentucky bourbon. New York City had become the art capital of the world, displacing Paris, because of the dominant Abstract Expressionist school—de Kooning, Pollock, Motherwell—and the art criticism of Meyer Shapiro, Clement Greenberg, Harold Rosenberg.

Just before the decade of the Fifties began, the critic Malcolm Cowley saw something until then unrecognized: he saw that William Faulkner was a great novelist, and proved it in his *Viking Portable Faulkner*. At the same time, a number of critics saw the same thing about a writer whose novels had been neglected for years: F. Scott Fitzgerald.

This is intellectual stagnation?

At Union Theological Seminary in New York, Reinhold Niebuhr and Paul Tillich were at the peak of their influence. Can anyone name a member of the Union Theological faculty today?

III

When we turn to the popular culture of the 1950s, I think, again, that we have to abandon some foolish stereotypes. I know that there were several or

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even many popular cultures in those days, but John Travolta, *Grease*, and Elvis seem to have won the stereotype race.

I have a confession to make, no doubt somewhat unrepresentative. As a young man growing up in the 1950s, I never knew anyone who wore a black leather jacket. I never knew anyone who had long greasy hair swept back over his ears. Familiar TV ads, indeed, condescended to such hair with the phrase "greasy kid stuff." In the summer, for example, my friends and I usually wore polo shirts or regular white shirts open at the neck, plus slacks or chinos, plus loafers. In the vicinity of the beach, we usually wore the same outfit, minus socks. Far from sporting greasy hair, most of us wore crewcuts. Princeton freshmen were remarkable for brushing the crewcut forward, and they often wore glasses with dark tortoise-shell rims. Yale freshmen were remarkable for joining thirty campus organizations as soon as they hit New Haven.

Elvis Presley, for any of us, was a dim, marginal, unconsidered figure. His flat, Frankenstein-like cheekbones, his shapeless lips, and the way his hair grew straight across his forehead ruled him out completely. No one I knew cared about Presley.

Our musical heroes fell into two categories. There were the "good" danee bands that would play in the summer at tennis and beach clubs on Long Island, and in the winter at teas in town. Then there were the jazz pianists, the inventors of distinctive new sounds: Cy Walter, Oscar Peterson, Erroll Garner, Bill Clifton, Earl Wilde. The Drake Room in New York, where you could hear and actually talk with Cy Walter, was a big adolescent hangout. Sometimes you could see Hemingway at the Stork Club.

In the winter, we normally wore slacks, and either a sweater or a sport jacket, and a regimental striped tie.

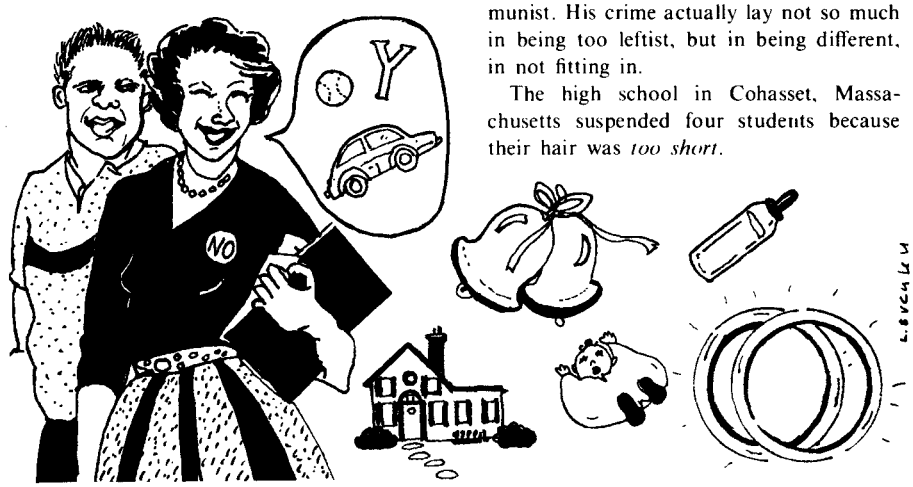
IV

It thus seems to me that the image of the Fifties that is current today is in important ways false.

I have myself reached the conclusion that when people say that the 1950s were apathetic and not "political," they really mean that there was not much left-wing politics. I conclude that those who say that nothing much was happening intellectually during the 1950s really do not pay much attention to ideas or to the life of the intellect. The Fifties were "another country" from what has been represented to us.

But, seen from 1980, they are in actual fact another country, and chiefly in manners and morals. A recent evocation, for example, recalls the following:

> In Rapid City, South Dakota, right next to the "Shrine of Democracy," where Mount Rushmore's four stonefaced Americans look dignified, 90 per cent of the town's bars and barber shops and 30 per cent of its restaurants and motels refused to accommodate blacks. "We don't serve colored people," hat-check girls said defiantly. One restaurant owner exclaimed: "The only thing we're scared of is the young ones [blacks] coming in and trying to intermingle."
>
> In Los Angeles that year a college student named Kenneth Young, going to summer school, sported a beard for the occasion. His family grew angry and ashamed. What would people think? they asked. His aunts and uncles called him a beatnik, a Castroite, an anarchist, a Communist. His crime actually lay not so much in being too leftist, but in being different, in not fitting in.
>
> The high school in Cohasset, Massachusetts suspended four students because their hair was *too short*.
>
> A school in Springfield, Ohio actually expelled the 16-year-old daughter of a part-time pastor for refusing to wear bloomer-type shorts to gym. Judy Rae Bushong's objection was not that the shorts were ridiculously dowdy and Victorian, but that they showed her knees. Judy Rae was very moral. "I would like to convert heathens in Mexico or Germany or something like that," she said.
>
> Nor was she alone. In Lubbock, Texas a high school suspended two girls who did not want to wear sleeveless blouses and Jamaica shorts and participate in "immodest exercises."



V

The sexual attitudes of a given period of culture are important to its identity. Nor does history really show a continuous development from more to less restrictive attitudes. There seems to be a more complex dialectic.

It is instructive to go back to the late 1950s and read *Seventeen* magazine, or *Mademoiselle*, or such an etiquette book as *On Becoming a Woman*, by Mary McGee Williams and Irene Kane, which went through 17 printings and sold hundreds of thousands of copies.

Throughout the book, the assumption reigned that marriage and motherhood were every woman's sole destiny and reason for existence. The book contained lists of things girls were supposed to do to please their adolescent dates. There was no suggestion that the boy had to please the girl. She was supposed to steer the conversation toward automobile engines, baseball, and such subjects, and defer to his interests and knowledge. A typical chapter is called "It's Not Too Soon to Dream of Marriage."

The image of the desirable girl was almost entirely a passive one. Under no circumstances was a girl to phone a boy and ask him out. "In dating, like dancing," we read, "a boy likes to take the lead; a girl's role, traditionally, is to follow." On a dinner date, the girl was supposed to tell the boy her choices, and he would tell the waiter.

Chastity was also a constant theme. "Boys," we read, "will only respect you if you say no."

At no point in this culturally official literature did you get the impression that sex is something people might enjoy doing under varying conditions and assorted understandings.

I've wondered about the roots of this

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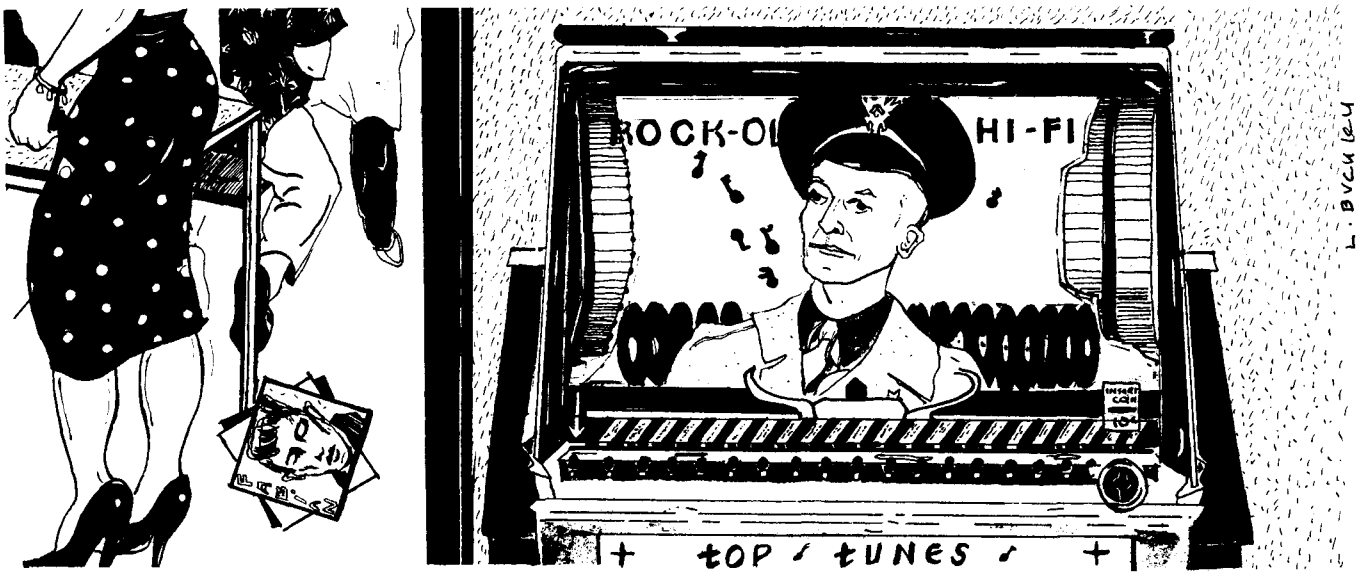

—what would one call it?—partial neo-Victorianism. In their intellectual brilliance, the Fifties in some ways resembled the 1920s, but in this aspect they did not.

I will offer a tentative speculation. The bases of the changes that took place in the 1960s seem to have been prepared in the war years of the 1940s. World War II had a tremendous impact on the American domestic scene. It introduced social and moral changes to a greater extent than any event since the Civil War. Hundreds of thousands of women went to work in the defense plants—Rosie the Riveter—or served in the armed forces. For the first time since the 1920s we witnessed an aggressive assertion of female sexuality, an assertion, indeed, more widespread than anything in the 1920s. Frank Sinatra was one lightning rod. Virtually single-handedly, Sinatra displaced the "big band," subordinated it to his virtuoso eroticism. His fans were "bobby-soxers." I recall one performance by Sinatra in the fall of 1944, when mobs of these women practically demolished the Paramount Theater in Times Square in an orgy of erotic frenzy.

While all this was taking place, the social position of the blacks also underwent a profound change. They began the great migration out of the South, seeking wartime jobs. Many achieved an unprecedented degree of financial independence. They fought alongside whites in the war. They became visible, along with ethnics like William Bendix, in the war movies.

Thus, though the women's movement and the black movement are usually thought of as phenomena of the 1960s, I would argue that both revolutions really took place during the 1940s.

If that is true, perhaps the neo-Victorian aspect of the 1950s, in manners and morals, represents a temporary reaction against the social convulsions of the war period. The settled life of family and suburb, of middle-class respectability, acquired a new aura of desirability. The 1920s, in contrast—that other postwar period—were engaged in rejecting Victorianism, not indulging a quasi-desire for it.

You can hear these changes in the popular music representative of successive eras. The Jazz Age of the 1920s, when blacks were anything but invisible, gives way to the Swing Era of the Depression years and the big bands—Goodman, the Dorseys, Miller. During the war, Sinatra displaces the big band, focuses attention on the individual star. But Rodgers and Hammerstein own the 1950s. The overtly erotic gives way to the romantic and lyrical, and then, in the late 1950s, this gives way to the early rock stars, like Buddy Holly, who foreshadow the Rock Era of the 1960s.

VI

Between the Fifties and the present there intervened, of course, those 1960s.

While I myself was undergoing the 1960s, I greatly resisted them. Stylistically, I much preferred Kennedy to Castro—but, stylistically, Castro won both the political and the cultural battles, hair defeating irony and vigor.

From our present perspective, however, the Sixties were also creative. Contrary to appearances, they were not politically radical in any Marxist way. The only major new institution to emerge from the Sixties and establish itself was the boutique—a telling fact, I think, in which Marx would take a sardonic pleasure.

But the Sixties did complete a renovation of sexual attitudes begun in the Forties. These attitudes became more openly egalitarian—a woman had claims to assert too. Kinsey, the pill, and antibiotics were important, but ideas and simple energy perhaps more so.

The changes that took place over the decade of the Sixties rang a historical bell for me. Something very much like this had happened during the 1920s.

"Very shortly," wrote Scott Fitzgerald in his essay "The Jazz Age,"

> people over 25 came in for an intensive education. Let me trace some of the revelations vouchsafed them by reference to a dozen works written for various types of mentality during the decade. We begin with the suggestion that Don Juan leads an interesting life (*Jurgen*, 1919); then we learn that there's a lot of sex around if we only knew it (*Winesburg, Ohio*, 1920), that adolescents lead very amorous lives (*This Side of Paradise*, 1920), that there are a lot of neglected Anglo-Saxon words (*Ulysses*, 1921), that older people don't always resist sudden temptations (*Cytherea*, 1922), that girls are sometimes seduced without being ruined (*Flaming Youth*, 1922), that even rape often turns out well (*The Sheik*, 1922), that glamorous English ladies are often promiscuous (*The Green Hat*, 1924), that in fact they devote most of their time to it (*The Vortex*, 1926), that it's a damn

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good thing too (*Lady Chatterley's Lover*, 1928), and finally that there are abnormal variations (*The Well of Loneliness*, 1928, and *Sodom and Gomorrah*, 1929).

In my opinion the erotic element in these works, even *The Sheik* written for children in the key of *Peter Rabbit*, did not one particle of harm. Everything they described, and much more, was familiar in our contemporary life. The majority of the theses were honest and elucidating. . . . The married woman can now discover whether she is being cheated, or whether sex is just something to be endured . . . Perhaps many women found that love was meant to be fun. Anyhow the objectors lost their tawdry little case, which is one reason why our literature is now the most living in the world.

VII

The pendulum will swing back, and then back again. I now find that a good many of my students are more socially conservative than I am. But I don't think that the honesties achieved during the 1960s can be entirely effaced, or that the multiple possibilities now opened to women can be withdrawn.

There have been gains, but also losses.

Sometimes I hear a distant music, a voice dry-edged and with a Boston accent.

"Can the world exist half slave and half free? . . . The enemy is lean and hungry, and the United States is the only sentinel at the gate. . . . Extraordinary efforts are called for by every American who knows the value of freedom. . . . We must prove to a watching world that we are the wave of the future."

That was John F. Kennedy campaigning for the Presidency at the end of the Fifties, a complex, exciting, and interesting decade.

Kennedy, alas, had the stirring words and the stunning image but not the "readiness" which, Hamlet tells us, is "all." Eisenhower looked like your grandfather, but he handled things peremptorily in Korea, Lebanon, Guatemala, Iran. He built the hydrogen bomb and created a formidable missile program. It now seems clear—though the evidence is inferential—that when Eisenhower decided that Patrice Lumumba had to go, Lumumba shook hands with his own mortality.

Kennedy, in contrast, left 1,500 men and his own reputation on the beach at the Bay of Pigs. He submitted to the Berlin Wall. Then he decided that Castro had to go—but Castro very much stayed, while the Kennedy team came up with ideas like poisoned cigars, exploding seashells, beard depilatory, trick wet-suits, and over-the-hill Mafiosi. Kennedy also flubbed the Laotian crisis, in effect cutting the ribbon for the Ho Chi Minh trail. Kennedy was superbly attractive, but we have paid a high price for his insubstantiality.

Such historical judgments, such reflection, may or may not increase our courage and decisiveness.

Often, however, in thinking about such past as I have experienced, I also feel the attraction of the purely aesthetic mode. The period of World War I and its aftermath, the Fifties and Sixties, were complex and contradictory. We should not mythologize them. They also had great beauty at times. In my mind now Kennedy's cadences are replaced by the sentences Ernest Hemingway wrote at the conclusion of *Death in the Afternoon* (1932):

> Pamplona is changed, of course . . . I know things change now and I do not care . . . and if no deluge comes when we are gone it still will rain in the summer in the north, and hawks will rest in the Cathedral at Santiago, and in La Granja, where we practiced with the cape on the long graveled paths between the shadows, it makes no difference if the fountains play or not. We will never ride back from Toledo in the dark, washing the dust out with Fundador nor will there be that week of what happened in the night in that July in Madrid. We've seen it all go and we'll watch it go again. The great thing is to last and get your work done and see and hear and learn and understand. . . . Let those who want to save the world if you can get to see it clear and as a whole. □

Funversation: The Ayatollah Khomeini and George Bernard Shah

The A. K.: Come out from behind those Shavian whiskers, you crook!
You will pay for your countless sins against Allah and *The Book*.
G. B. Shah: You, sir, are a windbag and a menace,
And for your penace
May a cantankerous camel kick you in the slats,
And that's
Not all: a hungry dinosaur should taste your turban with you in it
And an army of cockroaches fight a holy war against you and win it.
The A. K.: When I get through with you, you will pray for the mercy of a public beheading.
G. B. Shah: May six scrupulous scorpions get into your bedding
And give you no rest,
You Koran-thumping pest.
Obviously, the one God didn't give you the mental tools
To distinguish thirsty mules
From watery oasses.
And as for what presently passes
In Persia for the Will of God,
I'm sure He sees it as so much fanaticism-Qum-unpard-
Onable idiocy,
Such that He is tempted to unplug your part of the cosmic video: See *The Book of Revelations* for a preview.
The A. K.: You better not get too used to the sea view
In Panama,
Since it is our intention to dispatch your worthless anima
To Hades.
G. B. Shah: Were there no fair ladies
Present,
I would have Alfred P. Doolittle garrotte you with an incandescent
Cockney curse, which I'm
Sure would get you to the hearse on time.

—JOHANNES EFF

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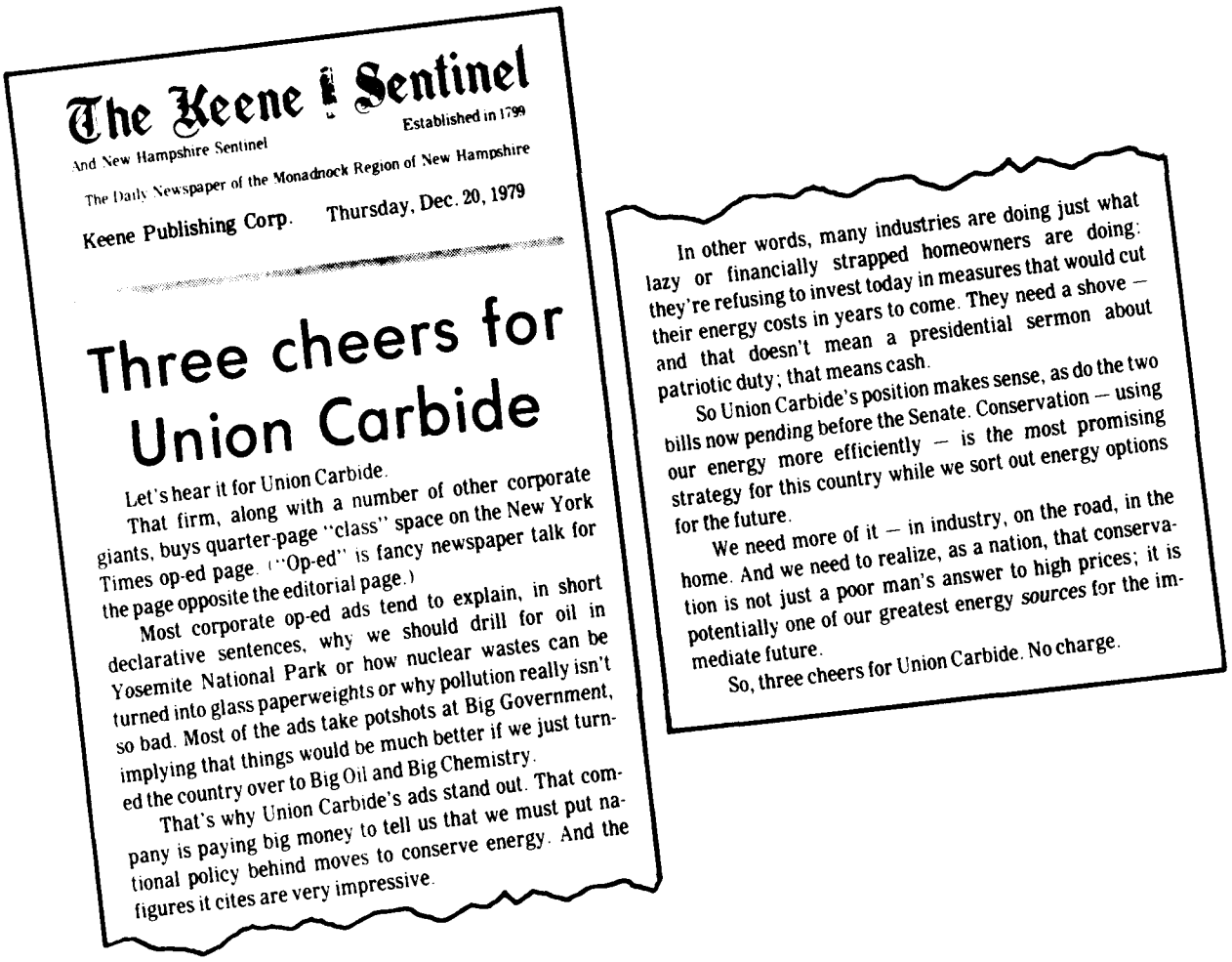

The Keene Sentinel
Established in 1799
And New Hampshire Sentinel
The Daily Newspaper of the Monadnock Region of New Hampshire
Keene Publishing Corp. Thursday, Dec. 20, 1979

Three cheers for Union Carbide

Let's hear it for Union Carbide.

That firm, along with a number of other corporate giants, buys quarter-page "class" space on the New York Times op-ed page. ("Op-ed" is fancy newspaper talk for the page opposite the editorial page.)

Most corporate op-ed ads tend to explain, in short declarative sentences, why we should drill for oil in Yosemite National Park or how nuclear wastes can be turned into glass paperweights or why pollution really isn't so bad. Most of the ads take potshots at Big Government, implying that things would be much better if we just turned the country over to Big Oil and Big Chemistry.

That's why Union Carbide's ads stand out. That company is paying big money to tell us that we must put national policy behind moves to conserve energy. And the figures it cites are very impressive.

In other words, many industries are doing just what lazy or financially strapped homeowners are doing: they're refusing to invest today in measures that would cut their energy costs in years to come. They need a shove — and that doesn't mean a presidential sermon about patriotic duty; that means cash.

So Union Carbide's position makes sense, as do the two bills now pending before the Senate. Conservation — using our energy more efficiently — is the most promising strategy for this country while we sort out energy options for the future.

We need more of it — in industry, on the road, in the home. And we need to realize, as a nation, that conservation is not just a poor man's answer to high prices; it is potentially one of our greatest energy sources for the immediate future.

So, three cheers for Union Carbide. No charge.

Three cheers for the *Keene Sentinel*

In their lead editorial (above) of December 20th, *The Keene Sentinel* in Keene, N.H., had generous things to say about a series of op-ed ads in which Union Carbide has been presenting the case for new incentives to encourage energy conservation.

These ads have pointed out that improvements in energy efficiency since 1973 are making a big difference — in 1978 alone the U.S. saved the equivalent of five months worth of oil imports. We've said that conservation is the fastest and cheapest source of "new" energy, citing experts who believe the nation could run on half as much energy as we presently use without sacrifice to our lifestyles. And we've called for new financial incentives from Congress to encourage homeowners *and* industry to make the investments necessary to use energy more efficiently.

We don't expect every aspect of Union Carbide's views on the nation's energy policy to produce the kind of response this one got in Keene. But if most of us can at least agree that conservation warrants some public investment, we'll be making real progress toward reducing the nation's dependence on foreign oil.

The editors in Keene have made it clear that they don't often cheer corporate ads. All the more reason for us to say, "Three cheers for *The Keene Sentinel*."

For a set of Union Carbide's ads on energy policy write "Energy", Union Carbide Corporation, Box NR33, 270 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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NO MORE IRANS

The Swiss Connection

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

I AM NOT *at liberty at this point in time to reveal how the following "position paper," couched in the form of a dialogue, came into my possession. It was, however, given to me during the seizure of the U.S. Embassy in Teheran, with the understanding that it would be published as is. I have decided to ask that the position paper be published in* NATIONAL REVIEW, *whose long-standing interest in diplomacy antedates that of even so distinguished a publication as* Foreign Affairs. *(It will be recalled that it was an editor of* NATIONAL REVIEW *who thundered: "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead!") The memorandum to the NSC follows.* —AB

Memo to: National Security Council
Subject: Avoiding Future U.S. Embassy Seizures

No matter what the outcome of the Teheran incident, a phenomenon has occurred which is certain to be duplicated in the future in other countries where American foreign policy has enemies. It is the purpose of this position paper to preclude such disastrous events in the future.

RECOMMENDATION #1: Abolish American embassies altogether. At a single stroke, we save both money and human lives. If there are no embassies, there can be no U.S. embassy personnel assassinated or held hostage by anybody. You also save money by not having to rebuild embassies after they've been burned, bombed, or gutted. In addition, there is the not insubstantial dollar saving in not having to throw Fourth of July parties at our embassies, which attract nothing but freeloaders.

OBJECTION: Fine, but then how do we conduct our diplomatic business?

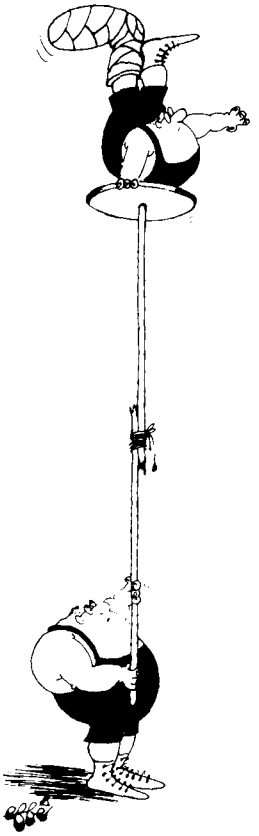
RECOMMENDATION #2: We hire a third country to represent U.S. interests in all foreign countries. I would recommend Switzerland: Switzerland already represents U.S. interests in Cuba, with which we still have no diplomatic relations although we are, heaven knows, trying.

OBJECTION: Would the Swiss government agree to do it? Why should they?

RECOMMENDATION #3: We would pay them a representation fee, on a sliding-scale basis, to conduct our diplomatic business—and no more worries. No one, not even the Ayatollah Khomeini, would dare to seize a Swiss embassy.

OBJECTION: Why not?

RECOMMENDATION #4: Because nobody dares to shoot Swiss diplomats or to seize Swiss diplomatic personnel as hostages. Why not? Because of all those secret accounts in Swiss banks. If any dictator dared to take a shot at a Swiss diplomat, they'd close out his numbered bank account before he could blink, and he knows that. The Swiss are immune from these problems because they have everybody else's money in their vaults.



OBJECTION: Okay, I'll admit it's feasible, but what do we do with our career Foreign Service officers? And anyway, shouldn't we have our own diplomatic corps?

RECOMMENDATION #5: Frankly, no, but you can't say that. It's no problem, though. In this system, when a Foreign Service officer is in Washington, he serves as he normally would, attending meetings and preparing memoranda. As soon as he is assigned abroad, however, he is granted Swiss citizenship and given a Swiss passport. Thus his personal safety is assured.

OBJECTION: All right, but how about the Secretary of State? He has to do a lot of traveling abroad. Under your scheme, would he be allowed to? And, for that matter, how about the President—would he ever be allowed to go abroad?

RECOMMENDATION #6: Say the Secretary of State has to go see Sadat about the Middle East. The idea is to have them meet on Swiss soil—but remember that the real estate of all embassies, except that of U.S. embassies, is regarded by international agreement as the inviolate property of the embassy's government. So the Secretary of State goes to the Swiss embassy in, say, Cairo and meets Sadat. As for the President's traveling around, he gets a Swiss passport and Swiss Guards—the kind that guard the Pope—and no problems.

OBJECTION: Would your policy also apply to the U.S. Mission to the United Nations?

RECOMMENDATION #7: And how! Just think of all the trouble we've had with U.S. ambassadors to the UN—Henry

(Continues on page 309)

Mr. Beichman, author of Nine Lies about America, *teaches political science at Okanagan College in British Columbia.*

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The Yugoslav Imbroglio

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

BRITISH HISTORIAN Denis Brogan and French political scientist Raymond Aron have both, quite aptly, called World War I the "Second War of the Austrian Succession," because it brought about the demise of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, thus radically changing the map of Europe. In the same way, World War II can be called the Third War of the Austrian Succession, because between 1938 and 1945 the same area was first partitioned between Germany and the USSR, then was occupied entirely by Germany, and finally came completely under Soviet rule, with the exception of two countries: Austria and, since the spring of 1948, Yugoslavia.

The "Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes" was born in 1918, the inspiration of Woodrow Wilson and other ill-advised Western politicians who tried to impose a national identity on four separate nationalities (Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, and Macedo-Bulgars) plus several minorities, three leading religions (Catholic, Eastern Orthodox, and Moslem), and a variety of radically different cultural traditions. Ever since its founding, the land has been wracked by mutual hatreds stemming from long-simmering conflicts; the hatreds reached a zenith during World War II, when Croats and Serbs killed each other in real holocausts. The Communists were assured of victory when Britain switched its support from the purely Serb outfit of Draza Mihajlović to Josip Broz-Tito, the son of a Croatian father and a Slovenian mother.

The rupture between Tito and Moscow was genuine, even though Tito's deviation actually amounted ideologically to no more than a heresy within Communism. What we see in Yugoslavia today is an extreme socialism with loopholes, the most important being the non-nationalization of the agrarian sector (as in Poland) and the toleration of small enterprises with up to 15 employees.

The main reason for the break between Tito and Moscow was not so much ideological as personal. Southeast Europeans have a marked sense of independence and pride, and this was especially true of Tito. Tito was, in the long run, not willing to take orders from Stalin.

The burning question at the moment is this: What will happen after Tito's death? He is the last outstanding representative of the pre-World War I generation and must be considered a galvanizing power. There is no doubt that Yugoslavia can be held together only by either an absolute monarch leading a loyal army, or else a dictator at the helm of a totalitarian movement. A democratic parliamentary Yugoslav republic is well-nigh unthinkable. "Free institutions," John Stuart Mill says in *Representative Government*, "are next to impossible in a country made up of different nationalities. Among people without fellow-feeling, especially if they speak different languages, the united public opinion necessary to the working of representative government cannot exist." It *is* possible, though, to find "fellow-feeling" among different nationalities—Switzerland is perhaps the best example—but whatever "fellow-feeling" may once have existed in Yugoslavia was annihilated during World War II. Visitors to Yugoslavia quickly learn that Communism is always blamed on "the others." Serbs will say that Tito is a Croat (true); Croats will complain that the police, gendarmes, and administrators are mostly Serb (equally true). The unmistakable impression is: "We are not Communists, the others are."

SO VIRULENT is the mutual animosity that the different nationalities will be sorely tempted, once Tito is gone, to give in to their passionate hatred and take revenge upon the others no matter what the cost. However, a full-scale internal struggle would be all the excuse the Kremlin would need: they could then send in their tanks to protect the weak and restore peace among their socialist brethren. The Yugoslavs know this as well as we in the West do, and I therefore think they will be sensible enough not to move when a new Communist boss appears. Too much is at stake.

Quite apart from Tito's illness, however, Yugoslavia is mired in an economic crisis. The country has something resembling an "economic democracy," with far-reaching control of the factories by the workers. From the viewpoint of the leftist ideologue, this order must be considered ideal, but from an economic viewpoint it is an utter failure. If we regard a free-market economy as having long legs enabling it to run swiftly, and a Communist economy as short-legged and thus slow-moving, the Yugoslav economy resembles a person with one long leg and one short leg—a condition likely to make him fall on his nose. Without constant aid from the West, including the hard currency brought by tourists, Yugoslavia could hardly survive. If a worker-managed enterprise is on point of failing, will it fold up, or will it be kept going with state subsidies? Yugoslavia abounds in "Chryslers."

The Yugoslavs know very well what life is like in the Free World, since an estimated two million of them work abroad; and they also know what life is like in Bulgaria and in still Stalinist Rumania. Thus if any small group of Yugoslavs were to seek "brotherly help" from Moscow and the Soviets came to the rescue of Yugoslavia, the people would fight, even if, as in 1941, the army disintegrated. For these people, unlike, say, the Danes, the Dutch, or the Swedes, fighting is simply a way of life.

In his memoirs, the Austrian General Baron Franz McNevin O'Kelly (not a typically Austrian name) recounts that in 1878 an old Bosnian Moslem, left behind in a village by the Islamic insurgents, told the advancing Austrian troops that his people were not afraid of them. "Of whom are you afraid?" he was asked. "Only of Montenegrins," the old man replied calmly. And if one thinks of Djilas, the Montenegrin who again and again has been sent to jail for his courageous declarations, one can get some idea of the moral and physical strength of this people of southeast Europe.

It would be a bad joke if World War III turned out to be the Fourth War of the Austrian Succession. □

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Tribulations

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

DESPITE THE hue and cry justly raised against ideology and silliness and shallowness in school textbooks, by Frances FitzGerald and others, there is as yet little discernible improvement of standards. The chief offenders here are the editors, and the salespeople, of the big textbook publishing firms.

This writer temporarily is involved in the production of textbooks himself, having been flung into a breach as director of the social-science program of the Educational Research Council of America (which does not publish textbooks, but instead prepares the manuals and other materials, tests them in schools, and then contracts with a commercial publisher). So I see a good deal at first hand of the difficulties encountered in turning out decent textbooks, and hear of still others from a variety of editors and writers of educational materials.

Taboos

Some textbook editors, let it be said here, are intelligent and honest people, ashamed of the low standards of the firms which employ them. Let me quote here from one such editor, at the Chicago offices of one of the bigger textbook firms.

"For three months I was assigned to the writing of elementary-level books," he informs me. "Taboos in this area are so many and confusing that even the frightened ladies who traditionally write and edit these books (for . . . the elementary department was strictly a female dominion) fall over themselves trying to conform to various real and imaginary shibboleths. Feminist and atheist ideology reigns supreme here: most laughable, since the feminists have declared that the word 'girl' is demeaning, you can't even call a little girl a 'girl.' And never use 'girlish': that demeans all women. You cannot mention God, church, or any clergy. We must pretend that religion does not exist.

"I have said loudly, in meetings with textbook authors, that our business is not telling the truth: it is making money. We are afraid of the truth. The textbook-publishing industry is a doddering old miser interested only in clipping its coupons. I don't know of a single textbook publisher who dares to be honest about life, or to flout the pressure-groups that intimidate us.

"Incidentally, if you ever really wish to see the worst example of intimidation, take a look at the California textbook commission: it literally tells publishers what to write, what words to use, and establishes quotas about how many women and the like will appear in the book. California seems to be the home of every kook in America. I have read the long pamphlet this commission has published, and it is simply unbelievable."

Apropos of California eccentricities, a school official in California writes to me about "Title IX Sex Equity" issues in his state. He is disgruntled.

"For example, I wanted to find out why secretaries were changing the language of official school communications. If I submitted a rough typescript which needed a final retyping, I would find all my 'everyone . . . he's' changed to 'everyone . . . he she.' And of course we retained officially only 'chairpeople.'

"I asked the secretaries why they did it. They said it was school policy. But no administrator would own up to it, although one hinted that some 'suggestions' were dropped by the Project Equity people who had scanned the district's official publications for 'sexist' leanings.

"I re-read the Title IX regulations and found nothing that dealt with language. As a matter of fact, the regulations specifically caution against textbook surveillance, on the ground that such actions infringe on First Amendment rights. I found out from an interview of Mr. Caspar Weinberger over local radio that he had to fight to include that provision: some of the activists at HEW had gone so far as to involve text materials in the sweeping Title IX regulations. . . .

"You know of course that feminists by other means have strongly influenced textbooks. They have lobbied for innumerable changes in school materials by putting political pressure on the publishers. To give you just one example of their success: in a lesson about the predicate noun and pronoun, prepared for seventh-graders, this item appears: 'The best fullback on the team was (she/her).' "

Admonitions

This California correspondent of your servant commends heartily an article published in the December 1978 issue of *College English* (a journal to which this writer contributed years ago, but which for more than a decade has embraced practically every trendy ideology). The author of this dissenting piece is Professor A. M. Tibbetts of the University of Illinois, an admirer of George Orwell. Among many other sound remarks, Dr. Tibbetts offers the following admonitions:

"Avoid ideological commitment. Ideology diminishes both men and women, erases our vital differences, and tends to make us all unpersons. Also, attack the misuse of English wherever you find it Left, Right, or Center. The scholar is supposed to be objective.

"Remember that the great sin of our profession is that of jargon-ridden, double-talking, point-missing, thimble-witted, self-serving pedantry. Walk out of your faculty office and sit in the sunshine and consider Lionel Trilling's comment . . . on George Orwell." (Orwell, as paraphrased by Trilling, recommends that we surrender a little of "the cant that comforts us.")

But the folk who administer textbook firms, and the salespeople (generally ignoramuses) who profess to know what the schools demand, seem not to have read George Orwell; perhaps they are incapable of understanding him. They thrust Newspeak upon us, and send history down the Memory Hole. □

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Spook's Disease

FERDINAND MOUNT

The Man Who Kept the Secrets: Richard Helms and the CIA
By Thomas Powers
Knopf, 393 pp., $12.95

One wet, quiet morning in early December 1979, a forty-year-old man in a crumpled business suit sat down at his cluttered desk in London and opened a book. He sighed quietly as he began to read. He could see this was not going to be a very good book and he thought he knew why. "Goshdammit," he muttered (unusually, for he was a mild man not much given to expletives), "the mole in this case is Alfred A. Knopf, or I'll eat a pumpkintul of microfilm."

Thomas Powers won a Pulitzer Prize for an earlier work. He is an intelligent man, well aware of the issues raised by the existence and activities of the Central Intelligence Agency. Indeed he raises them himself all over the place: in the introduction, in the footnotes, and even occasionally in the text. But the enterprise is fatally distorted and disorganized by the publisher's commercial imperative. I do not suggest that Mr. Knopf or any of the junior Knopfs actually presumed to instruct Mr. Powers that he should emphasize the picturesque and the dramatic at the expense of political analysis and theory. But implicit in the whole undertaking was that the book should capitalize on the CIA's notoriety; that is, it would be a book, not about the function of intelligence or the organization of intelligence services, but about spies and secrets.

Now the trouble with trying to turn the career of Richard Helms into a spectacular non-fictional rival to John Le Carré is that Mr. Helms appears to be a very dull man. He is variously described as quiet, discreet, self-controlled, loyal, and austere, but you and I know that what Mr. Powers means is dull. Mr. Helms appears to have only one interest, the Central Intelligence Agency, and only one principle, secrecy. Indeed, the one time we are told of Mr. Helms really losing his temper is when he confronts Daniel Schorr of CBS—who broke the story of the CIA's involvement in assassination plots—and yells "You sonofabitch" and worse at him outside the Vice President's office.

Otherwise Mr. Helms appears to have been unmoved as the vilest infamies were suggested, the most hideous acts of violence and corruption plotted, the most splendiferous bungles perpetrated. For him, the only real crime was and is the breach of secrecy. Everything else is covered and excused by two rubrics, both here attributed to leading CIA men: "If the President says it's okay, then it's okay," and directive NSC 10/2 of June 1948, which was summarized as, "They do it, and therefore we have to do it too." If the USSR practices subversion and sabotage, then so must we.

In other words, Helms is a complete bureaucrat; his loyalty is to his employers, he knows no other morality. What's more, the Senate investigations and the public outcry do not seem to have moved him in the slightest. In an interview in the London *Observer* just before Christmas, his single suggestion for reform was that the CIA should change its name, as it has become a buzz word which "immediately triggers mental images of the Bay of Pigs or the demise of Allende in Chile." As for the rest, "these so-called abuses that the Agency has been charged with in the past, really, when you examine them, weren't all that bad or all that serious."

Mr. Powers's difficulty is that neither Mr. Helms nor any of the CIA men he talked to seem to have anything much resembling a conscience. You gain the feeling that any senior Agency official present on the film set when Rock Hudson bungled his famous line—"What's the matter with *you*, Scruples?"—would have replied that no, his name was not Scruples but Angleton or, as the case might be, Bissell or Dulles.

Another drawback is that Mr. Powers seems to have talked only to CIA men and to very few other American citizens, let alone to foreigners. And it was upon us poor bloody foreigners that these dirty tricks were played—or supposed to be played, for as often as not they backfired ignominiously. If the

Alan L. Miller *is a freelance writer living in Michigan. . . .* **Ferdinand Mount** *is on the staff of the London* Daily Telegraph. *. . .* **Mitchell S. Ross** *is the author of* The Literary Politicians *and* Invitation to Our Times.

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CIA was a bad joke, it nevertheless always remained something of a joke. But such was the provincial, self-righteous arrogance of those imbued with the CIA ethic that they seem never to have paused to think how they would have regarded similar tricks practiced against the United States; indeed, when the trivial malfeasances of the Watergate affair came to light, the CIA and Mr. Helms personally—although, granted, mostly for reasons of self-preservation—affected great horror and acted with considerable energy to establish their innocence and ignorance. The hostages in Iran had no such easy exit; they have had to pay in full for the pranks of Kermit Roosevelt and of Mr. Helms, himself an old Teheran hand.

IT WOULD be unfair to suggest that Mr. Powers skates round these awkward points or minimizes the consequences of CIA operations, but I don't think he quite adds them up. Nor does he fulfill one inescapable duty of a historian of an organization like the CIA. A bureaucracy must be judged by bureaucratic criteria, even if this makes for a duller book. The questions we need to ask are questions like: Was the CIA fitted to perform the tasks allotted to it? Did it recruit the right sort of people and train them in the right way? Was it right that these functions should have been carried out by a government agency, or indeed by any agency? And, most basic and specific of all, ought there to be a *Central* Intelligence Agency? Coordination and integration are always seductively appealing, but time and again experience teaches us that separate functions are best performed by separate bodies designed for specific purposes.

By all means, set up an organization to subsidize distinguished anti-Communist magazines such as *Encounter*, but the funds ought to come from some place like the Department of Education, not from the spooks. Similarly, the gathering of general intelligence—that is, talking to the natives and reading the local newspapers—is partly what you pay ambassadors and their staffs for. If they are doing it badly, that is a case for purging the State Department, not for setting up a parallel bureaucracy, which bears an embarrassing resemblance to the parallel structure of the KGB in Soviet embassies. Military intelligence ought to be left to the military. It is instructive to note the continuous puerile bickering and dubious accommodations between the Defense Intelligence Agency and the CIA. What is rarely properly discussed is the debilitating effect of the CIA upon old established departments such as State and Defense.

The flaw in the CIA dates from its origins—which are rather sketchily dealt with here. It was a child not only of the cold war but of the Second World War, or rather of the demob years, the late Forties. It attracted high-spirited young men, often rich and well-educated, who had been spiritually as well as physically mobilized for a Great Crusade and feared that peace might be a little tame. Mr. Helms himself went to Williams, not Harvard, Princeton, or Yale, and he did not have the "old money" which allowed Frank Wisner, one of his predecessors as Deputy Director for Plans, to leave his salary checks uncashed in a desk drawer for a year or more. But Helms was a relatively cosmopolitan figure, having been to school in both Germany and Switzerland and having served in the OSS in London and elsewhere. In his quiet way, he was, it seems, not immune to the spirit of the enterprise, which was, as Mr. Powers says, "aggressive, enthusiastic, and too often morally careless; they thought they could do anything with funds and a broad okay from the top."

They were the sort of people who are described as "brilliant"—full of bright ideas, but with little patience or experience of life. The poisoned wet-suit, the exploding cigar—these are schoolboy japes which usually do no serious harm because they are so obviously impractical. Indeed, the CIA these days likes to defend itself on the grounds that no foreign leader actually got murdered directly by its agents, not even Lumumba or Trujillo, but that only adds to the roster of incompetence upon which are inscribed the names of so many causes and peoples briefly taken up by the CIA and then tossed aside like broken toys—the Miami Cubans, the Montagnards, the Kurds, the Ukrainians. It was usually not the CIA's enemies but rather its friends who had cause to fear for their lives.

IT IS HARD too to avoid the suspicion that this absorption in covert operations slowly weakened and corrupted the CIA's ability to gather information in legitimate ways. The CIA massaged the figures of enemy strength in Vietnam to avoid a fight with the military. It overestimated the strength of resistance to Castro. It invented a mythical

RANDOM NOTES

■ OOPS! DEPARTMENT: Victor and Jennifer Louis's *The Complete Guide to the Soviet Union: Revised Olympic Edition* (St. Martin's, $9.95) has a complete listing of the scheduled Olympic events this summer; also sixty maps, to which the publishers will presumably add one of the Soviet Socialist Republic of Afghanistan. At last word, slated for publication in March.

■ MORE MARCH TITLES: John Gardner has a new novel ready, called *Freddy's Book* (Knopf, $10). . . . *The Return of Eva Perón: With the Killings in Trinidad* (Knopf, $10), by V. S. Naipaul, is a collection of four essays on four of what Naipaul calls "half-made societies"—Argentina, Trinidad, Uruguay, the Congo. . . . Thomas E. Cronin argues, in *The State of the Presidency* (Little, Brown, $14.95), that Americans, encouraged by other writers on the office (such as Richard Neustadt), have come to expect far too much of their Presidents. . . . Laurie Lisle's *Portrait of an Artist: A Biography of Georgia O'Keeffe* (Seaview, $14.95) sounds like an interesting work. The volume is illustrated.

Mark Stephens has written a book called *Three Mile Island* (Random House, $12.95). Stephens served as public information specialist, whatever that is, on the President's commission appointed to study the accident. . . . *The Jeweler's Shop* (Random House, $7.95), written by Pope John Paul II when he was Karol Wojtyla, is a study of human love.

■ LEFT OVER FROM FEBRUARY: *You, the Conservatives, and the '80s: A View from the United States Senate* (Regnery/Gateway, $10.95) is an agenda for the new decade laid out by eight senators in eight chapters. . . . *The Letters of Gustave Flaubert, 1830-1857* (Harvard, $12.50), edited and translated by Francis Steegmuller, carry the reader through Flaubert's Near East trip and deposit him in the middle of the ruckus raised by the publication of *Madame Bovary*: a worthy addition to the library of any literatus. —CW

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North Vietnamese military HQ for South Vietnam somewhere in Cambodia. More damning for its amour-propre than the accusation of moral callousness—which might be gloried in as necessary armor for the Good Fight—was the growing feeling that much of the CIA's intelligence material was second-rate.

The only outsider who ever seems to have got to grips with the CIA was James Schlesinger, whose 1971 *Review of the Intelligence Community* really tore the Agency apart. When, two years later, Mr. Nixon appointed Schlesinger Director of Central Intelligence to succeed Helms, for a period of office which was to be short and stormy, Helms, on departing, burnt all his own files, smarter in that destruction at least than his President.

Presidents must of course take the blame for the misdeeds of their intelligence agencies. It is quite clear that orders for some of the CIA's most squalid acts came direct from the White House, the Kennedy brothers being the most ruthless in this regard. But the nature of the Agency made it so temptingly easy to give those directions. There were all those knights with their armor on, just bursting to murder any turbulent priest.

I emphasize their knightly—i.e., upper-class—character. In Britain, the war similarly mobilized and brought into intelligence work other upper-class types—Philby, Burgess, Maclean, Blunt. There were no traitors in the CIA, or none that we know of: Mr. Helms is justly proud of that. But the freakish Communist bohemians in London and the Ivy League anti-Communists in Washington did have certain similarities, to wit, a belief that the world was theirs to re-mold, an impatience with the ordinary processes of law and government, and an immature delight in conspiracy. Both the CIA bureaucrats and the MI-6 traitors stuck together and were loyal to their own kind, living in a curious hived-off community. Both were keen to enlarge and ennoble their work.

The real spy's disease is megalomania. What ought to be a modest and subordinate function of government, conducted discreetly, yes, but conducted also with modesty and a sense of fitting limits, seems to have puffed up into the last crusade. And it has ended with pratfalls and hostages. □

Countercoup: The Struggle for the Control of Iran
By Kermit Roosevelt
McGraw-Hill, 217 pp., $12.95

LES NEIGES D'ANTAN

ALAN L. MILLER

Notwithstanding the current wisdom which welcomes the eclipse of American influence, and eagerly promotes a penitent foreign policy that would have us recede along a sliding scale from vacillation to retreat, there remains a vigorous advocacy to the contrary. This dissent, though currently unfashionable, recalls those salad days of the Republic when the American Eagle soared unharried by the vultures that lately have been leading us into a steady and all too swift descent.

Perhaps we may hope that the recent surge of neoconservatism will move outward from its concern for economic restoration to include in its program a revival of an international posture of which Teddy Roosevelt would be proud. Until then, we will have to be content with recalling those exciting days of yesteryear through books such as this one by TR's grandson, who engineered the coup that prevented Iran from slipping within the Soviet orbit in the summer of 1953.

One reads Mr. Roosevelt's modest account of these proceedings (which were successfully concluded in a matter of months) with a mixture of awe and depression: the Eisenhower Administration, so often scored for its blandness, was awesomely quick to perceive the imminent threat of a Soviet takeover in the strategic Middle East, and then resolute enough to frustrate the Russians with an ease that has depressingly remained beyond the grasp of subsequent Administrations. Then again, President Eisenhower had several advantages. At his disposal were a National Security Council not yet straitened by the hair shirt of self-doubt and a Central Intelligence Agency free to use its considerable resources.

The author recalls the simplicity of the meeting in John Foster Dulles's office at which the decision was reached. Present were Dulles's brother, Allen, chief of the CIA; the combative Under-Secretary of State Beedle Smith; "Engine Charlie" Wilson representing Defense; and assorted luminaries including the U.S. Ambassador to Iran, Loy Henderson. Never one to mince words, the Secretary of State fingered Roosevelt's thirty-page report and declared to the assembled gathering, "So this is how we get rid of that madman Mossadegh!" Within days Roosevelt was en route to Beirut with the plans for Operation AJAX, designed to evict the wily Iranian Prime Minister whose rise to power and subsequent nationalization of British oil interests had been aided by the local Communist Party.

For Kim Roosevelt, the journey toward this crucial rendezvous had begun in 1941 in the OSS, where he learned, under the tutelage of "Wild Bill" Donovan, to appreciate the future importance of the oil-rich area. Thereafter the self-effacing young man was placed in charge of the CIA's Mideast Division, and he emerged as the deputy to the Chief for Clandestine Operations. The fate of AJAX and the strategic balance in the region would depend upon the degree to which he had mastered his craft.

After a surreptitious entry into the country, he and his team made contact with the principals on the scene, including General Zahedi, who—much to the displeasure of the British—was tapped as Mossadegh's successor. There were secret conferences with the Shah, whose movements were advised by Roosevelt so as to correlate with the nuances of jockeying for power among the local factions. It was determined that once the final confrontation began, the Shah should be away from the action and prepared to flee should the operation fail or to return triumphantly to Teheran if AJAX were successful. The intrigue in the city became so intense that a British wag observed that the American and Soviet agents "ought to share apart-

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ments so as to save themselves time and money in keeping one another under surveillance."

With exquisite timing and a little luck, Roosevelt was able to orchestrate the perfect ending. Mossadegh and the Communists were completely routed. General Zahedi, the military, and the Shah converged upon the capital city to the tumultuous welcome of a joyous crowd.

The apparent ease of the operation belied the remarkable precision with which the author assessed and maneuvered a tricky situation. Roosevelt's final report to his superiors cautioned against future operations of this sort unless the same degree of precision could be assured. Accordingly he declined command of a proposed Guatemalan operation that did not meet his standards. His eventual retirement preceded the Bay of Pigs fiasco, which underscored his warning. □

BEAUX ARTS

Dreams of Adventure, Deeds of Empire
By Martin Green
Basic Books, 429 pp., $15

BOOKISH BULLIES

MITCHELL S. ROSS

Dreams of Adventure, Deeds of Empire is a leading entry for the Trilling Prize, an award I make annually at the winter solstice, in the privacy of my study and in the company of my cat. The prize goes to a book of literary criticism, irreproachable in its solemnity, whose charms can only be recognized after consuming three quarts of faculty sherry.

In Professor Green's case, the title is impressive, the concept is ambitious, the research is sound, but the work as a whole is astonishing in its dullness. There were sections which required that I resort to skimming in order to relieve the buzzing in my head. There was an exegesis of the works of Fenimore Cooper which required out-and-out skipping, lest I slump in my chair like a man suddenly struck dead by heart failure. I am the first man to rise at the trumpet-blares and drum-thumps of Elgar, but the Professor of English from Tufts University can sing only lullabies.

I acknowledge his success, and take his measure. The first two chapters involve much rumbling and rambling, with distinctions thrown around as generously as wild rice at a gourmet's wedding. Thus, "Out of the negative and shadowy figures of the Puritan drama . . . out of Milton's Satan and Richardson's Lovelace, comes the Byronic hero, and the Nietzschean superman. Such figures, when transvalued, are spiritual adventurers." *Don Quixote*? *La Chanson de Roland*? They preceded the "Puritan drama," and so Professor Green doesn't have to fit them into his historical dialectic. But the honest truth is that Zarathustra derives from Samuel Richardson about as much as a Julia Child cookbook derives from Ruskin.

Similarly, we are told that Daniel Defoe "was a rationalist. Not in the most philosophic sense: he was very interested in supernatural and providential phenomena, and quite ready to accept explanations in such terms. But in the more literary sense of a distaste for myths and fables, he was a rationalist." In other words, he was not a rationalist, but a man who liked to have the facts whenever possible.

There are times when the good Professor Green appears to be lost inside his homemade webbings. On page 41 he declares that, "by definition, propaganda is repugnant to the literary conscience." On page 73, however, we learn that "*Moll Flanders* and *Colonel Jack* are, amongst other things, propaganda for emigration to Virginia and Maryland. Indeed, all Defoe's adventures and picaresque fiction can be regarded as propaganda for emigration." But by definition, this fiction must not be literature, even if people still read it two and a half centuries after it was written. Or, perhaps, this fiction is merely unconscientious literature, in which case the appropriate question for Professor Green is: Who gives a damn?

On and on he groans, like an absentminded lecturer who pauses periodically to chase flies away from the rostrum. One wonders whether the book was written, or was tape-recorded while being recited to a roomful of insomniacs: "I hope it is not irrelevant to introduce here the thought of Lévi-Strauss . . ."; "I must say more about this in a minute . . ."; "Scott, I may as well say here, knew Defoe's work well . . ."

Digression follows digression. The author is incapable of self-restraint. Hegel himself would have been impressed by Professor Green's ability to carry his learning so heavily. His genius for ponderousness extends even to chapter titles. Whoever makes it all the way to Chapter 11 is confronted with: "In the Trough of the Wave of Imperialism: Adventure Images after 1918."

The authors supposedly being studied are Defoe, Scott, Cooper, Tolstoi, Twain, Kipling, and Conrad. There is also a chapter on "Popular Literature and Children's Literature," wherein Professor Green offers heavy-lidded winks to the likes of Rider Haggard, Samuel Smiles, and Robert Louis Stevenson. But the business is not nearly as tidy as you might expect. The author finds it impossible to discuss the imperial ramifications of *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, for example, without veering off into brief studies of the careers of Henry Stanley, Owen Wister, Thorstein Veblen, and Theodore Roosevelt the result of which is yet another round of distinctions: "The technocratic hero of Twain and Veblen is thus clearly descended from Defoe and Smiles, and distinct from the gentleman cowboy of Wister and Roosevelt; and yet both types were to be found, in real life, side by side at the helms of power." He is less a critic than a harebrained encyclopedist.

I AM not inclined to regard Professor Green as a sound judge of books I have not read. A few of his digressions include praise of bad books by Norman Mailer. His preference for such short Conradian performances as "Typhoon" and "An Outpost of Progress" over *Under Western Eyes* seems to me muddleheaded. From time to time he makes a worthwhile point, in the manner of Henry Kissinger in *A World Restored*, but this gives only modest pleasure, like the taste of genuine hamburger after three horsemeat sandwiches.

Professor Green is the sort of author who wins respect and admiration by intimidating his readers. He is a bookish bully. If ever I meet him in a dark alley, I may find myself defenseless. Even so, I shall attempt a left with my Voltaire and a right with my Mencken. May the blood flow freely. □

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The Plan of St. Gall
By Walter Horn and Ernest Born
University of California, 3 vols., 938 pp., $325

CITY OF GOD

RUTH BERENSON

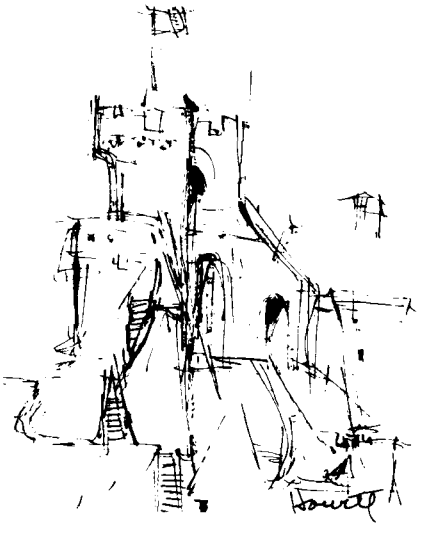
In popular imagination, no period of European history seems mistier, more deserving of the epithet "the Dark Ages," than the era of Charlemagne. Some may recall him as the only man ever to achieve that dubious ambition which fired, and eluded, such varied later characters as Louis XIV, Napoleon, and Hitler, namely the unification of Europe; others may even be able to fix the year 800, a nice round number – when he received the imperial crown at the hands of the Pope in Rome. But while we today still have reminders of classical times in the form of Greek and Roman ruins, and of medieval Europe with its churches and guild halls, little – with the notable exception of the Cathedral of Aachen – is left to evoke for us the image of the Carolingian empire. Carolingian man is hard to imagine.

Perhaps this is why those lucky enough to have seen the Council of Europe's Charlemagne exhibition in Aachen in 1965 have never forgotten it. The stunning illuminated manuscripts, ivories, and metal work displayed there showed that "dark" was a totally wrong description for an age of enlightenment that produced wonders like these. Nor were its accomplishments confined to the so-called "minor arts." The Cathedral of Aachen, built by Charlemagne in an attempt to duplicate the Byzantine church of San Vitale at Ravenna, is a magnificent structure; nor was it the only one, as is indicated by architectural models of his palace, also at Aachen, and of the church and monastic buildings depicted in the ninth century parchment known as the "Plan of St. Gall."

The architectural model of St. Gall, worked out by Walter Horn, a professor of art history at the University of California at Berkeley, and Ernest Born, practicing architect and formerly a professor of architecture at the same institution, is a small-scale realization in wood, half-timber, and lead of the church, monastic buildings, fields, orchards, and gardens which an anonymous architect drew on parchment for Gozbert, Abbot of the Monastery of St. Gall in eastern Switzerland, sometime around the year 820. Professors Horn and Born have made the study of the Plan, which is preserved in the St. Gall library, their life work, exploring its classical and Nordic antecedents, trying to resolve its ambiguities and to understand what it tells us about how life – primarily but not exclusively monastic life – was lived in those long-ago years.

Now their findings have appeared in a monumental three-volume work, *The Plan of St. Gall*, which makes a strong bid as the event of the year in scholarly publishing. The University of California Press has spared no expense in its production: it is beautifully bound and printed in large type and contains nearly nine hundred illustrations, half-tones and line drawings, many in color. The scholarship, not to mention the scholarly apparatus, is overwhelming: many hundreds of references, footnotes, charts, maps, and chronologies, and a bibliography that runs to thirty two-column pages. Horn's text, though professorially prolix and often repetitive, is nonetheless replete with information about Carolingian times and people – nobles and commoners, monks and peasants, the poor and the sick – and how they ate, dressed, slept, worked, lived, worshipped, and died. One can only regret that the books' price of $325 and their sheer girth mean that few other than specialists will bother with them, and hope that a cheaper abridgment will eventually appear.

One of the most fascinating aspects of the Plan to modern eyes is its resemblance to architects' plans of today. Horn proves conclusively that it was drawn to a consistent scale so that, with each building labeled in easily readable Latin hexameter, nothing would be easier than to make working drawings and even build it; anyone availing himself of Horn's enormous store of information could even supply much of its furniture. In fact, it was never meant to be a working architect's plan as such but was intended, as Wolfgang Braunfels puts it in his Introduction, to represent "a perfect city for monks." Even so, it was widely influential in its own time, as we know from excavated ninth century structures at Cluny, Reims, Cologne, and elsewhere. Recent digging under the present baroque church of St. Gall, completed as this book was going to press, indicates that the Carolingian church beneath it adhered closely to the Plan – no surprise to Professor Horn, who had already observed how the streets of the Swiss city still reflect the Plan's main contours.



UNTIL THE Second Vatican Council it was taken for granted that the purpose of a monastery was to isolate its members from the profane world. However, this did not become habitual in northern Europe until Charlemagne forced the adoption of the Benedictine Rule. The Plan's studied separation of the brothers from the laity—the novices, the students, the peasants who tilled the fields, the pilgrims who came to worship at the tomb of St. Gall, the nobles (including the Emperor and his court) who occasionally occupied the guest quarters—was new and provided a guide to Abbot Gozbert and others who were rebuilding their monasteries to conform to Benedictine requirements.

So far as accommodations went, the Plan's author (probably Bishop Haito, Abbot of the Monastery of Reichenau, an important center of learning) seems to have been an adherent of the "separate-but-equal" doctrine. Not only were the quarters allotted to religious and laity (except for serfs, workmen, and paupers, who were expected to rough it) much the same, they were also a good deal more comfortable than were similar later establishments. Thus the monks' dormitory was located over the warming room where clothes were dried and where, in winter, the brothers took refuge between divine services; this

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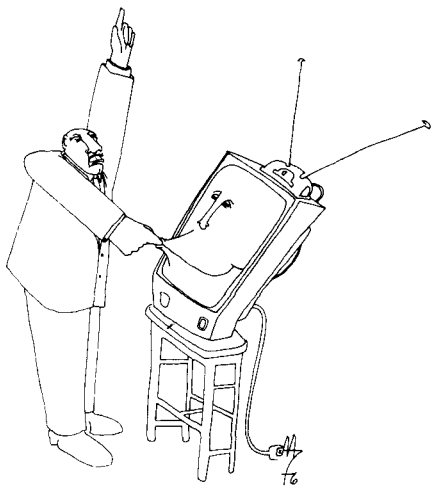
room was heated by a subterranean firing chamber whose flues penetrated to it and probably also to the dormitory above. Bathing facilities were widely available, even though St. Benedict, who associated baths with Roman sensuality, recommended them only for the sick and permitted monks to bathe just at Christmas and Easter; Carolingian clerics, more easy-going, allowed more frequent baths.

Especially modern-seeming are the arrangements for what the Plan labels "*requisitum naturae*"—the "requirement of nature." Except, once again, for the serfs and beggars, privies were available everywhere and were probably built over running water. According to Horn's straight-faced calculations, the ratio of toilet seats to the number of those using them was "far advanced not only over their classical proto- or antitypes but—with the sole exception of de luxe hotels—even conspicuously superior to common standards of modern sanitation." His example: the monks' dormitory contained 77 beds and their privy had nine toilets, as compared to the ratio recommended by the U.S. Army Field Manual of 1957, which called for eight toilet seats for every one hundred men.

Like Noah's Ark, this ideal monastery possessed everything needed to sustain life: food and storage facilities, shelter, plants and domesticated animals, craftsmen and scribes, physicians and teachers—and a great church for worship. By making such careful provision for the inmates' physical needs, by ensuring that this "perfect city" would be self-sufficient and self-supporting, the author of the Plan provided a sanctuary in which, protected from the dangers and temptations of worldly life, nothing would distract them from their spiritual devotions. In such an atmosphere, the Lord would have seemed very close. □



TELEVISION

UNBELIEVERS

JOSEPH SOBRAN

If there were a Thomas Aquinas among us, his talents would be needed to supply irrefutable proofs of the Soviet Union's existence. A great many people seem unable to believe it's really there.

The unbelievers, in fact, tend to dominate the mass media—or did, before Afghanistan. A man who had spent the last decade glued to his TV set would never have supposed the Soviets were engaged in an enormous military build-up, still less that any use would be found for all those weapons.

But the media need drama, which means conflict, which means villains. In the selection of villains the operative principle has been James Burnham's Iron Law of the liberal sensibility: the preferred enemy is always to the right. Long after it had ceased to be possible to idealize the Soviets, it remained impossible to have a Soviet villain in a movie or TV show. So we have had a spate of Nazis (and neo-Nazis), multinational corporations, mean Southern sheriffs, and other subjects of editorial deplorings. If *I Led Three Lives* were a TV series today, Herb Philbrick would have to be depicted as a threat to civil liberties.

One doesn't have to be particularly of the Right to sense that something is missing. The idea that Nazis holing up in the Amazon jungle could still pose a threat to anyone suggests an obsession that overwhelms all sense of actuarial reality, but you're more likely to see a film based on that assumption than on the obvious fact that, say, the KGB kills people.

It's one thing to celebrate the Allied victory over the Nazis and Fascists. It's something else to suggest that the immediate peril is from octogenarians who have made a breakthrough in genetic engineering, as in *The Boys from Brazil*. Imagine a movie about Sioux Indians preparing to scalp the citizens of Bismarck, North Dakota, in 1980.

On a recent Sunday morning I happened to be watching the Catholic program *Insight*, which I had never seen before. Sponsored by the Paulist Fathers, it raised the question, How would Christ be treated if he came back today? It tried to answer this question with a parable.

In what appeared to be a Latin-American country, a group of street clowns tries to amuse and edify the people. Their leader is named Bobo (Martin Sheen). Just then, a new regime takes over and starts arresting people, including the clown troupe. What for? For suspicion of subversion. The generalissimo orders Bobo brought to him. He explains his position—that the nation needs law and order, and protection from the Marxists—while offering Bobo a share in the rich repast his servants are bringing in, and promising more benefits if the clowns co-operate with the new order.

Bobo, who until then has seemed as frivolous as Mork from Ork, suddenly reveals himself as a shrewd liberal (if you can accept the concept). He bats down the generalissimo's excuses for tyranny, pointing out that the nation's wealth belongs to the people—an unprecedented idea that causes His Excellency almost to swallow his cigar. No compromise is possible.

Bobo is taken out to face a firing squad. He keeps clowning merrily to the end, confounding his thuggish captors. From their prison cell, the other clowns watch him die, and sing a song of ultimate triumph, in which they are joined by an American tourist in the cell, whose consciousness has been raised by his own false arrest. Clearly the new fascist regime is doomed.

Get it? Bobo is Christ. There is no point in belaboring a minor and sappy piece of work for a vice it shares with so many other things. But the persecution of Christ *does* go on today, and if we're talking about either scale or intensity we have to look first at the Communist world. If anyone should be singled out for ignoring what nearly everyone ignores, it should be Christians who affect to enlighten us while concealing what James Hitchcock has

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dentified as the Dirty Little Secret of iberal Catholics: the perduring Communist war on religion.

One needn't be a cold-warrior to notice this. It's perfectly possible to be a pacifist or an isolationist or even a common liberal, and to think all military conflict with the Soviet Union should be avoided, while taking note of the actuality of Communist life—not blueprint "Marxism," but Communism as she is lived. In fact, people who stand morally neutral between the two superpowers, without patriotic or strategic commitments, are in the best position to make the purely humanitarian case against Communism. Why are they afraid to?

The media are saturated with trendiness, and in a way this includes even those cheap, pitiful little Sunday morning productions in which some religious order tries to prove its relevance by simulating prime-time metaphysics. Today's bold prophets the real ones are the people the Western media ignore. They are the Christians behind the Iron Curtain, and the Free World Christians who smuggle Bibles to them.

You won't see these people on television, but you can get a most moving glimpse of them in a little book called *The Persecutor*, by Sergei Kourdakov (published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, in Old Tappan, N.J.; $1.95). Kourdakov used to kill Christians; then, revolted by his life, he fled the Soviet Union and became a Christian himself, trying to warn the West against the evils he had helped perpetrate. He was only 21 years old when despair or the KGB caught up with him, just outside Los Angeles, in 1973. □

DELECTATIONS

CALIFORNIA HIGH

NIKA HAZELTON

Once upon a time, the California rich bought themselves Rodins and Chinese jades, which in due course they left to San Francisco museums like the California Palace of the Legion of Honor (Rodin, courtesy of Mrs. Spreckels) and the Young Memorial Museum in Golden Gate Park (jade, courtesy of Avery Brundage). Today, they buy vineyards and wineries: as a hedge against inflation, to cash in on the wine boom, and because having one's own vineyard and winery gives one enormous *cachet*.

The latest and most glorious example of this trend is the Jordan winery in Sonoma's Alexander Valley, north of San Francisco. Thomas Jordan, a geologist and an admirer of Bordeaux wines, came to Sonoma from Denver and built an apotheosis of a Bordeaux *château* amidst his own vineyards, whose winery can hold half a million gallons. His first vintage of estate-bottled Cabernet Sauvignon, the only wine he plans to make, was produced in 1976 and will be released in the course of this year. The Jordan winery takes one's breath away with its beautifully landscaped approach, its enormous, supermodern equipment, and the charming touch of having guestrooms furnished with French antiques right there in the winery (Mr. Jordan is building his own house elsewhere on the property). The man who told me that it cost between $12 million and $15 million (I don't guarantee the figures) also asserted that this is the winery God would build if he had the money.

By contrast, there is the tiny new winery of Robert and Zelma Long on steep Pritchard Hill in Napa Valley, also north of San Francisco. Zelma was for years the chief oenologist at the Robert Mondavi winery in Napa, and she is now the winemaker at Simi winery in Sonoma. (Mind that the title "winemaker" means the person responsible for everything in a winery, from taste to dregs.) This unique woman (who has excelled in an almost totally male profession) and her husband have started planting Chardonnay and Johannisberg Riesling on their eminently suitable slopes and have converted a barn into a small winery. Their first Chardonnay and Johannisberg Riesling put them right up among California's outstanding winemakers.

The possibilities of California wine have not escaped foreign investors. The French champagne house of Moët & Chandon now makes excellent, French-style bubbly in Napa Valley under the name Domaine Chandon. Clos du Val, a small red-wine producer with superb Cabernets and Zinfandels, is partly owned by French interests and is managed by a Frenchman, Bernard Portet. Lanson, the French champagne house, is contemplating California acquisitions. A French baron, Patric La Doucette, bought a Napa Valley vineyard near the Robert Mondavi property. Beringer Vineyards, also in Napa Valley, is partly owned by the Swiss food conglomerate Nestlé and the French family of Labruyère. Historic Buena Vista winery, the oldest in the state and founded in 1857 by the father of California viticulture, Agostin Haraszthy, was recently sold for about $15 million to A. Racke, a German wine producer, exporter, and importer. (Let us remember that now it takes only two German marks to buy a dollar, whereas in 1970 it took three.) Franciscan Vineyards and Cuvaison, both Napa Valley wineries, have been sold to German and Swiss interests, respectively. And Baron Philippe de Rothschild and Robert Mondavi are planning to make some top-quality wine together—in Napa Valley, not in Bordeaux. Japanese money has gone into the Firestone Vineyard in central California, and a group of Thai investors owns Cambiaso winery in Sonoma Valley. (To all of this I would like to add that I am indebted for much of this information to *Wines and Vines*, the excellent trade magazine of the wine and grape industry.)

American wine-drinkers are getting increasingly sophisticated. People once content with American-produced Bur-

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gundy, Chablis, and Rhine wine—the so-called generic wines that are named after a European wine region and with luck may actually bear some resemblance to the wines of that region (to be kind about the subject)—now want the so-called varietal wines. These are wines labeled with the name of the grape that makes up the largest part of the contents of the bottle. The legal minimum is 51 per cent (in the process of being changed to a higher percentage), but producers may make a wine that is 80, 90, or even 100 per cent one grape, be it Cabernet, Chardonnay, or whatever. Incidentally, the virtue of a 100 per cent varietal *versus* a blended wine is by no means confirmed; let us remember that the most exquisite Bordeaux are blends. Nonetheless, the public now demands to know what the public is drinking, and it is willing to pay stiff prices for that information. Varietals also give a producer a certain amount of class—witness the new varietal wines of Gallo, the house famed for its superior jug wines. Lastly, the public also is demanding to know the vintages of the wines. The Christian Brothers, who have always produced excellent wines at reasonable prices without naming the vintage, have now vintage-dated some of their varietals.

There is no question that California has become one of the best wine-producing countries in the world. How this came about, and how California wines have triumphed over French wines in blind tastings conducted by Frenchmen in France, will be dealt with in future installments of "Delectations." □

The GIMLET EYE

GETTING TAN

D. KEITH MANO

It's like being almost nude inside a lit flash cube: the three-foot-square booth has been veneered with bright reflective foil. Ten triple banks of ultraviolet light, tube atop tube, strip-search me. I feel wonderfully fatuous, swaying from side to side here, cootch-dancer-style: a kind of self-rotisserie. One arm up, then another, as I have been instructed, so that plastic sunlight can baste my ribcage. Each eye is shut, but not pinchy shut: wouldn't want crow's-feet in my tan. I have rolled underwear up to form a cache-sexe (there are things better left pale), but my right boxer leg will keep unfurling down. And I wonder—is this pretend stuff? After all, the lights are cool, bland, office-fluorescent: surely innocuous. But lock a man in here for ten minutes and by nightfall he'd be suppurating lymph: blistered, blood-raw, and certainly comatose: within commuting distance of death. Sunlight can be a blunt instrument. Still, I have to admire the all-American convenience of it: this booth will always be cloudless: and no sand in the shoe or Coppertone to turn your back into a sort of multi-purpose adhesive. Bip! The automatic timer has let synthetic dusk fall. I am done with my initial session (one minute and a quarter) at Modern Age, New York's first Kentucky Fried People Outlet.

Ed Mara, tan-flesh peddler, has been giving ersatz sunshine a big plug. Mara's own face is toasty beige: as though he'd set the dial on SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: expressive counterpoint to his brown-silver hair. Ed Mara is always on daylight-saving time. "We've only been open since Christmas. Right now we only do 15 or twenty sessions a day. If it works out I'd like to open a bunch of them all over the city. Well, not all over: not in Harlem, I guess. But first I've gotta find out whether the idea can survive on its own. I'm not sure it can. You've gotta get a hell of a lot of clients at $2.50 a shot. It's a numbers game: $2.50 isn't much, but when you talk about $2.50 times six booths, times seven days a week, times 15 salons, then you're talking money.

"In addition, people with skin problems—acne, psoriasis—find it helpful. Some doctors say the sun is very bad for psoriasis. All I can tell you is, I know three or four separate individuals who come just for that. And at least one doctor who sends his patients here." But, I ask, what about skin cancer? I know two people personally each of whom broke out in a nice surface carcinoma just from using foil sun-reflectors. "Well, I've done it all my life. I've never gotten skin cancer from it. I don't know. I have insurance. If it happens I guess it's just the hazards of opening your own business.

"What we use is medium-range tanning lamps: they don't even get hot. Those on the market are high-range lamps: all they seem to do is burn you. Burn and peel, burn and peel. The lamps here give you a tan. And one minute is worth one hour in the sun. It's quick and easy and cheap. And you just, well, look better."

Yes, uh-huh, but why is that? I can understand well enough why someone with acne, whose skin has the texture of a just-forked English muffin, would go tan. Tan is God's base make-up; even men can wear it. Nonetheless, over the last fifty years or so, "beauty" has changed in our collective beholding eye. "Tan: to become sunburnt or darkened by exposure." That definition, written in 1920-something, is from the OED. Compare: "Tan: to make brown by exposure to ultraviolet rays." Note that the OED is not aware of any distinction between "sunburnt" and "tan." By contrast "brown" in the later definition implies health (where "darkened" implies an unfortunate blemish). Also, "become" is clearly passive; "make brown" has the suggestion of conscious purpose. In 1920-something only a mad dog—not even an Englishman—would go to Miami Beach.

Edwardian woman carried a parasol; Edwardian man wore his solar topi in maddening tropical places. The sun, you know, was a lower-class bloke. Outdoor activity meant manual labor: tan men couldn't afford to sit at ease in a club and watch the empire depreciate. As this century uncoiled in its rattler way, however, much more lower and lower-middle white-collar employment became available. People phoned and filed and typed: inside. Sallow skin was no longer a telltale of leisure: quite the opposite, in fact. Leisure and sunlight got connected: tan was Acapulco. I wonder, though—when hothouse tanning at $2.50 per is accessible even through Medicaid—whether bronze skin might be infra dig again. Rich women in 1999 will probably pay to be leeched on the Cote d'Azur.

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Meanwhile, back at go, Ed Mara is trying to save my hide. "How much time we give you will depend on how fair you are. As you begin to tan, we increase the time. Seventy-five seconds for you." But I want more, particularly down below: my leg skin, I figure, is tough as Gabby Hayes's saddle. "No. You'll burn. Just your legs? What are we going to do, put a bag over your head?"

So, here I sit, with the outline of my underwear (right leg longer than left—I'm imprinted on me. Booth-tanning is very efficient. An inner heat, somewhat like the onset of grippe, stalks over my skin. I don't find it unpleasant: the vitamin D smell can remind me of August in January. I may become a regular. And, for one moment, I share Ed Mara's entrepreneurial vision: America processed, through booth after booth: as though a cosmetic miscegenation had become the deal. For me now, though, I thank Phoebus that it wasn't much more than one minute. Two and I would've been better off dead than red. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

WHITE KIDS: *A Generation Revealed, 1970-1979, by Michael Wolff (Summit Books, 316 pp., $10.95). White Kids* is among that inevitable spate of books which clumsily seek to capture the spirit of the decade just ended. This one is particularly maladroit, since such an impressionistic, personalized chronicle requires a stylistic sophistication Mr. Wolff appears to lack. Five of the author's experiences during the last decade are related in the quasi-fictional mode now fashionable; but, far from exploiting the literary license this method theoretically permits, the author succeeds only in puzzling the reader as to the book's intentions. One senses that what Mr. Wolff is fumbling toward is a kind of prose photography—a literary *Life* magazine perhaps: each portrait unembellished, black and white, eloquent in its simplicity. But his prose portraits, whether of a starched military officer, a vague young New York actor, or two naïve college kids on their honeymoon, are not eloquent, not even simple, but confused, out of focus, and incomplete—not least because of the obtrusiveness of the author's own banal personality. It's as if the photographer's thumb kept appearing at the edge of the snapshot. Still, he does have his moments. His depiction, for example, of a young San Francisco woman, devoid of a culture or even a counterculture to cling to and flailing about for a semblance of coherence in her empty life, is touching and perceptive. Nevertheless, you're better off waiting for *Life* magazine's review of the Seventies.

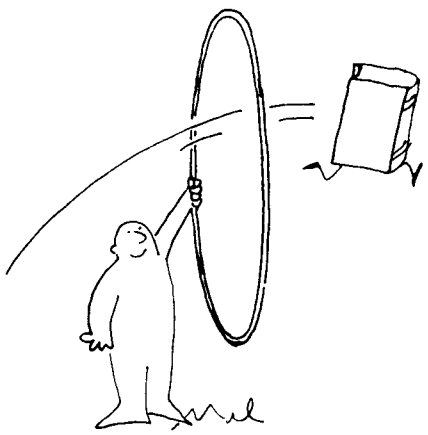
MONA CHAREN

HARMLESS DRUDGES: *Wizards of Language, by Israel Shenker (Barnhart Books, 158 pp., $9.95).* There is a species of journalist that writes with particular clarity and smoothness, combining soundness of thought with effortless style. Israel Shenker, whose work appears in the *New York Times*, among other places, is such a writer. With Herbert Mitgang, Shenker has provided some of the best work on authors and the world of books to be published in that newspaper. A few years ago he collected a book of interviews, *Words and Their Masters*, and now he has gathered stories of what he terms "words and their watchers." The "harmless drudges" of the title are writers who try to have the last word but whose work is endless, nameless, and all but thankless: lexicographers. Shenker writes of Briticisms, witticisms, and barbarisms. He interviews compilers of dictionaries Demotic, Hittite, Estonian, and Assyrian. He tells the history of the OED, the Concise OED, *Roget's Thesaurus*, and Noah Webster's answer to Dr. Johnson. He collects the commentary of usage panels examining the latest in atrocities and indignities to the language. Not the least of Shenker's qualities is his dash and wit, and so *Harmless Drudges* succeeds in being mildly amusing as well as informative. Shenker will not cause riots. Nor will he cause rage, tears, or gnashing of teeth. He is competent and accomplished and a bit of a wag. And that is good.

JOE MYSAK

THE TWILIGHT LORDS, *by Richard Berleth (Knopf, 316 pp., $12.95).* For generations after the original English invasion of Ireland, the term "conquest" carried a high degree of irony: the men who went over to rule became "more Irish than the Irish"—*hiberniores hibernis*. They married Irish women, learnt the Irish tongue, adopted Irish ways. Even so, they were never entirely accepted by their Gaelic countrymen; in the words of one contemporary observer, they appeared "Irish to the English, English to the Irish, a middle nation" caught between the ancient Celtic world and the developing English state. Up until the late sixteenth century, English policymakers were content to live with this state of affairs. In the religious wars on the Continent, however, the Puritan faction at Court found the rationale it needed to move seriously against Catholic Ireland. Mr. Berleth's story begins in the 1560s, with stirrings of discontent on both sides of the Irish Sea, and carries through the final surrender of Hugh O'Neill just days after the death of Queen Elizabeth—the passing of the Twilight Lords coincided with the passing of the Queen who had harried them. The scenes are evocative, timeless; the participants outrageously theatrical: for example, John Perrot, Lord President of Munster, challenging James Fitzmaurice, the Captain of Desmond, to single combat, winner take all—"an English governor behaving more like the lengendary Irish Achilles, Cuchulain, than St. George." I was momentarily distressed by a passage early in this book that hinted at a trendy parallel to Vietnam. But of course guerrilla warfare is endemic to Ireland—and if one were tempted to think of it as a twentieth century phenomenon, Mr. Berleth teaches us otherwise. For four years the Earl of Desmond led Queen Elizabeth's soldiers a demoralizing and debilitating chase through the burnt-out, wasted hills of Munster. By the time Elizabeth died, Ireland was a conquered and despoiled land, and England had gained, not the verdant fields she had coveted three decades before, but a millstone around her neck, which has not ceased to trouble her to this day.

LINDA BRIDGES



LEGENDS OF THE FALL, *by Jim Harrison (Delacorte Press, 276 pp., $10.95).* During one scene in the first of the three novellas in this collection, the narrator suggests that the reader perch like an impassive stone-eyed griffon on the mantel in an isolated cabin in Mexico, so as to observe without the interference of emotion the act of violence that follows. Jim Harrison assumes this point of view throughout the book. He records the facts like an omniscient reporter: details of the natural world as well as what his heroes feel, smell, see. No outright speculation or interpretation clouds his observations; it is through his choice of facts that he draws out the visceral anguish of his tales. All Harrison's protagonists are rebels. In

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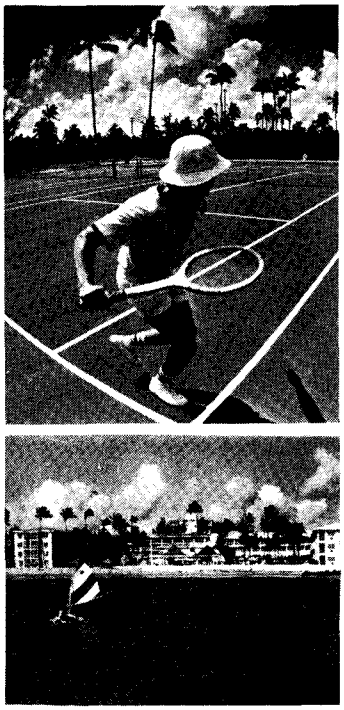

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

PRESIDENT CARTER'S request for a modest hike in this year's budget for the Pentagon has touched off the usual round of protests about the military-industrial complex and its voracious appetite for funds.

That it isn't so—and hasn't been in recent memory—is the theme of James L. Clayton's *Does Defense Beggar Welfare?* (National Strategy Information Center, 111 E. 58th St., New York, N.Y. 10022; $3.95). Mr. Clayton, dean of the graduate school and a professor of economic history at the University of Utah, demonstrates that national spending for defense, despite the upward pressure exerted by Vietnam, has fallen consistently since the Korean War.

While defense spending has continued to grow as measured by inflated dollars, it has actually declined in constant dollars—i.e., in purchasing power—from $100 billion in 1953 to $74 billion in 1960 to $67 billion in 1975 (using 1972 dollars as the base). Recent efforts to reverse the trend succeeded in getting outlays up to $70 billion in 1979. Similar results obtain if military spending is viewed as a percentage of gross national product, or of the federal budget. In 1953, defense absorbed 14 per cent of GNP; by 1970, this had fallen to 8.4 per cent; in 1979, it was 5.1 per cent. As a fraction of all federal outlays, the Pentagon's share has fallen from 57 per cent in 1956 to 41 in 1970 to 23 in 1979. Conversely, between 1955 and 1976, social welfare spending ballooned from $66 billion to $242 billion (measured in constant dollars), from 33 to 60 per cent of the budget, and from 8.6 to 20.6 per cent of GNP.

In short, Professor Clayton's excellent handbook confirms and updates the point made previously by Roger Freeman and other scholars: not only are we not pouring dollars down the Pentagon rathole, we have been reducing our defense commitment while pumping vast resources into domestic welfare programs.

The nature of the adversary that makes defense especially urgent nowadays is explored by Svetozar Pejovich in *Life in the Soviet Union* (Fisher Institute, 12810 Hillcrest Rd., Dallas Tex. 75230; $4.95). Mr. Pejovich, who is a professor of economics and dean of the graduate school of management at the University of Dallas, provides a compact and highly readable survey of Soviet history, political theory, and economic practice.

In the USSR, Pejovich tells us, there is no nonsense about pandering to popular wishes, providing goods to consumers, or short-changing state security in order to hand out domestic benefits (except for the Communist elite). Everything is tightly controlled from the top, consumer needs are routinely sacrificed to the interests of state-planned capital investment, and military outlays take precedence over everything else. All of which would seem to give the Communists an immense advantage—but is also a source of weakness, since such a rigidly controlled economy is inherently inefficient.

WHAT MIGHT be done to counter the military expansionism of the Soviets is the central topic of *Free World Security and the South Atlantic* (Council on Inter-American Security/Institute of American Relations, 325 Constitution Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002; $4), a symposium featuring Ray Cline, Patrick Wall, MP, L. Francis Bouchey, Lewis Tamb, and several other authorities on Latin American and African affairs. Their thesis: that the anti-Communist states of Latin America and southern Africa share certain strategic interests that should band them together in common alliance.

For those accustomed to viewing the world from the northern hemisphere, this perspective is unique, but persuasive. Given the collapse of U.S. leadership in the world and our mindless hostility toward such nations as South Africa, Rhodesia, Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, it would seem to be imperative that these states combine to resist the Communist advance. □

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Revenge," a rich American, lonely in his self-sufficiency, battles a powerful Mexican crime lord for the crime lord's wife. In the second story, Harrison gives us another sort of rebel: Nordstrom is a business executive who refuses to play by the rules when his beloved wife divorces him. He quits his job and takes up fishing, photography, cooking—anything to turn his life around. Cooking and keeping a diary please him the most; one evening as he is preparing dinner a strange feeling ripples through him, marking the beginning of that much-desired change. The third and title story, the best of the collection, presents still another rebel, the Faulknerian character trapped between worlds. Three brothers, grown up on a Montana farm, enlist to fight in World War I. Alfred, the eldest, is modern diplomatic man; Samuel, the youngest and the apple of the family's eye, is the gentle scholar; but Tristan is wild and untamable. His understanding of nature comes from neither politics nor books, but from his experiences taken at the side of One Stab, an old Cheyenne. Conflict between One Stab's simpler, more passionate view of life and the demands of society in the early 1900s rages within the anachronistic Tristan. When Samuel is killed in the war, Tristan, mad with pain and bitterness, scalps all the Germans he can capture before he is locked away. His obsessive fury and quest for vengeance cause him unknowingly to inflict terrible agonies on others, and on himself. He escapes the hospital to spend his life in tortured search of the reason why there is no fair system of rewards and punishments on earth. We share his limitless grief when he realizes that there is no way to even the score with the world. Tristan's is a shatteringly tragic story; Harrison tells it brilliantly.

LAURIE PROTHRO

BEICHMAN

(Continued from page 296)

Cabot Lodge, Adlai Stevenson, Arthur Goldberg, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, and Andrew Young. You get a Swiss diplomat to represent us at the UN and no more trouble. He gets paid for doing what you tell him, and if he doesn't, you don't pay him. What's more, you don't have to give the Swiss that special wing at the Waldorf Towers to live in plus a big office building on First Avenue which attracts picket lines. You could save a fortune!

OBJECTION: Okay, that raises an important point: how much do you think it would cost to switch over to an all-Swiss diplomatic service?

RECOMMENDATION #8: That's the crux: how much would it cost in Swiss francs, or in U.S. dollars? If the Swiss want francs, we're sunk; we can't afford it. But if we can persuade them to take dollars, we could do it. Funneling the money to them would be no problem. There's this gnome we've worked with in Zurich. Actually, we think he's a triple gnome—he works for the Swiss, for us, and for Monte Carlo.

OBJECTION: And if the Swiss turn us down?

RECOMMENDATION #9: Then we're in trouble. We'll have to introduce conscription. Every college student between 21 and 29 will have to serve—yes, be drafted—into the Foreign Service corps for periods of up to four years, with bonuses if they re-enlist. The campus agency will be known as the FOTC—Foreign Officer Training Corps. I know the draft and the FOTC will raise hell in Congress, but they'll have to understand, no FOTC, no Foreign Service—and no congressional junkets abroad.

OBJECTION: I think you've sold us. Find that gnome, and meanwhile draft a bill giving the President standby authority to set up the FOTC. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[John] McCLAUGHRY:

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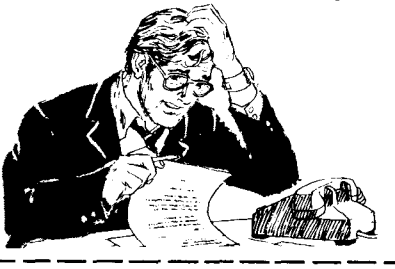

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It's a Long, Long Trail . . .

On The Right

New York, Feb. 11—The Camelot types are complaining these days that Teddy is being painted with only the warts showing, that the 7 o'clock portion of the television news devoted to Kennedy tends to be devoted to that day's ineptitude. Perhaps they will understand how some of us felt about the treatment of Goldwater in 1964, the not insignificant difference being that Goldwater *really* hadn't ever been to Chappaquiddick before, and that his answers tended in interesting contrast to Mr. Kennedy's to be straightforward (nuke the Chinks, sell TVA, abolish Social Security —that kind of thing, if you go in for Herblockian reductionism).

I SUBMIT it isn't easy to avoid certain criticisms of Mr. Kennedy. One recalls that probably the favorite joke of the Camelot set back in the Eisenhower years was making fun of Ike's syntax, concerning which there was a lot to make fun of. On the other hand, *Time* magazine last week picked up what must surely enter the Guinness Book of Records under the category of Confusion, Utter. It was the Senator's reply to the question what would he as President do to cope with the Soviet Union. The answer: "Well, I think we need a foreign policy which is tied to our national security interests, which are tied to intelligent interests for the United States, that are tied to energy interests, which are tied to a sound economy here in the United States and an energy policy that is going to free us from heavy dependence to the Persian Gulf countries and to OPEC, which is strongly, which has the strength and the support of the American people, and which is predictable and certain, which has a down side to it in terms of disincentives to the Soviet Union for actions which are contrary to the, uh, to uh, a standard of both international behavior and also has incentives to the Soviet Union, uh . . ." but, charity beginning at home, I shan't go on, though Senator Kennedy's Master Plan for Coping with the Soviet Union does go on another fifty words or so.

But listen, they're doing it to Reagan also. "Ardor Dims among Reagan's Legions," headlines the *Washington Post*, in a story by Haynes Johnson. Mr. Johnson doesn't quite have the raw material to work with that Kennedy-watchers have, so, as usual, we go through our paces about Reagan's age. But then he gets a little more serious . . .

"There's a certain hesitancy, a stumble here and there, that one doesn't recall from other Reagan campaigns. He blows his lines now and then, says boycott when he means blockade, mentions turning over surplus funds to his gubernatorial predecessor instead of successor, refers to dismounting from an aircraft instead of disembarking . . ." One gathers that President Reagan might inadvertently say: "Let's wage war!" when he really meant to say: "Let's wage peace!"

Mr. Johnson then levels a more serious charge.

> And Reagan can be capable of flat-out misstatements of facts. Thus, in every address last week he said: "Arriving in Warsaw in 1977 President Carter got off the plane to announce to a startled satrap who rules that country, 'Our concept of human rights is preserved in Poland.' What concept of human rights can that be? . . ."

Johnson comments: "Carter never said any such thing."

As it happens, Mr. Johnson is not what one might call flat-out right. What Carter did say, on arriving in Warsaw, was that Poland was a "partner in a common effort against war and deprivation." The business about common ideals, the President saved for Ceausescu of Rumania, about whose thoroughgoingly totalitarian regime he said (April 12, 1978), "Our goals are . . . the same, to have a just system of economics and politics, to let the people of the world share in growth, in peace, in personal freedom." Flat-outwise I'd say that Johnson and Reagan were just about tied.

An absolutely sure-fire way of embarrassing any candidate is to focus on some of the activities of some of his supporters, because there is an undisciplined strain of sycophancy in every nation that doesn't have a king or queen to moon over, but still looks out for heroes to revere, the trouble being that such folk are not always poets laureate. Mr. Johnson quotes a lady who, as part of an introduction of Reagan at a rally, read out her poem to the assembly:

He's a man
And he stands
Ten feet tall,
Though some folks
Say he's too old,
And that's a lie . . .
A wise man, you betcha, though he's not 54.

Well, what is a candidate supposed to do when assaulted with such stuff? Reagan's aw-shucks-ma'am-you're-a-sweetheart handling of it is okay by me, you betcha. □

DANCING IN THE RAIN *New York*, Feb. 8—Sometimes a trace of a smile breaks the ice in the doleful countenance of those of us who read the news objectively. This morning it is so, rays of sun coming in from all over.

There is the news that the Saudis now favor a U.S. buildup in the Gulf area. It is jolly news that the Saudis wish to preserve their own sovereignty, and something of a triumph of U.S. diplomacy that our top diplomats persuaded them of this. Now, here is what is missing. We should explain to the Saudis, and to the Emirates, that we are willing to construct a huge facility, say in Oman, but that, unhappily, the Arabs are going to have to pay for it. A reasonable way to do this is by agreeing to sell the United States four million barrels of oil per day at $15 per barrel for the next ten years. In return, we will guarantee the security of their country. That seems to me a very fair deal, such an arrangement as Solomon himself might have come up with.

Then there is the news that France has recalled its ambassador from Libya, in response to Libya's burning of the French embassy in Tripoli, which followed the burning of other embassies in Tripoli, which followed the provocations of probably the premier madman who is also a chief of state, now that Idi Amin is out of office. Out of office, and residing in Libya. Mr. Qaddafi, who has given fanaticism a truly bad name, has among other things regularly provided training and sanctuary for guerrillas and hijackers. He has publicly offered a bounty to anyone who will assassinate President Sadat. This is not the way to treat your neighbor,

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specially if you are a country of two million people and your neighbor a country of forty million people. It is therefore most highly and most solemnly recommended that Egypt declare war on the state of Libya, even as Tanzania finally ran out of patience with Uganda. The Egyptians, having conquered Libya, will have access to plenty of oil, and reassuring revenues for the long haul until reason breaks out in the Middle East. Qaddafi will be given a life sentence, sharing one large cell with fellow convict Idi Amin.

At Geneva, at the Conference of Disarmament, a new boy actually got up and *said something*, shattering all the teacups in town. The new member is the Chinese Deputy Foreign Minister Zhang Wenjim. And what he said was that Moscow preaches disarmament and detente in order to practice armament and aggression. He said that while the United States "tries to preserve and stabilize its existing position," the Soviet Union "under the cover of such fine-sounding slogans as detente . . . is aggressively pursuing a strategy of outflanking Europe and, on the other hand, is stepping up its aggression, interference, and subversion in many places in Asia, Africa, and Latin America." A modest proposal is that one or more of the Republicans running for President promise, upon election, to name Zhang Wenjim our Secretary of State. Congress can pass a special relief bill granting Zhang citizenship.

FRANCE and Germany have condemned the Soviet aggression against Afghanistan. They condemned it before, to be sure; but they condemned it this time with a little more resonance. Moreover, this came one day after the Foreign Minister of West Germany said rather offhandedly that *of course* the West Germans would boycott the Moscow Olympics if the United States did– after all, hasn't the United States "guaranteed the safety of Berlin"? Such gratitude to the United States has not been shown since we liberated Paris. To be sure, the retaliation against further aggression by the Soviet Union was not specified, and there are those cynics who believe that the Soviet Union would rather have control of the Persian Gulf than the approval of Giscard d'Estaing and Schmidt but never mind, we are traveling in the right direction.

And then Muhammad Ali, dispatched to Africa to drum up sentiment for boycotting the Olympics, gave evidence that he *could* distinguish between the United States and the USSR; and expressed his preference for the former. He then set out for Nairobi National Park looking for a wild animal. "I want to challenge a gorilla today or a lion," Muhammad said. "If I hit it hard with the right hand, I'll knock it out." Secretary of State Zhang, upon achieving office, should send Muhammad Ali as our next ambassador to the Kremlin. □

THE IRS CAUGHT STREAKING

New York, Feb. 20—Here is a ripe one. The Internal Revenue Service, presumably at the instigation of the big unions exercising their powers with the Executive, decided some time ago to move in against the extremely successful National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, an organization which supports grievances against compulsory union arrangements that operate in such fashion as to deny the worker his rights. Back in the Sixties, the organizers of the Right to Work Foundation were shrewd enough to imitate almost exactly the language in the charter of the equivalent Legal Defense Foundation of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which had enjoyed tax exemption from time immemorial, and which in the early Fifties hired a prominent black lawyer to bring a famous lawsuit against the Board of Education in Topeka, Kansas. The forms used by Thurgood Marshall in *Brown* v. *Board of Education* were tax-deductibly contributed to the NAACP's defense fund.

But the success of the Right to Work people sorely taxed the patience of the union-thirsters, and it remains to be explained how exactly they went about taking over the IRS for their own purposes; but it appears perfectly certain, from the scathing opinion of United States Judge F. T. Dupree, of the eastern district of North Carolina, that that is what happened. Because in ruling against the IRS in an 11-page brief, he demolished the arguments, exposing them as shallow, tendentious, and manifestly animated by the simple desire to put the Right to Work people out of business.

The chronology of their effort. In 1977, the Right to Work people undertook to incorporate an identical organization in North Carolina. Accordingly, they filed with IRS, exactly duplicating the original language. The IRS dragged its feet for two and one-half years and then, to everyone's astonishment, denied them the tax exemption. Pressed to distinguish between that which is tax-exempt in the District of Columbia and that which isn't in North Carolina, the IRS gulped and said that in granting the original tax exemption it had been mistaken.

The IRS gave as its principal reason for the new ruling that Right to Work was not engaged in defending "human and civil rights secured by law." "We conclude," somebody actually persuaded the IRS to write in its opinion, "that the phrase 'human and civil rights secured by law' refers only to those human and civil rights that can be clearly demonstrated to be of sufficiently broad public concern that their defense promotes the social welfare."

The judge's destruction of this and other frivolities in the IRS's bill of attainder is a superb venture in legal scholarship. Judge Dupree began by demonstrating that the discretion given by Congress to the commissioner is to make rulings consistent with the Internal Revenue Code. "Consequently, the factual and legal analysis of the commissioner is of no concern to the district courts . . . the court does not sit in judgment of the commissioner; the court places itself in the shoes of the commissioner."

ON THE MAIN point, that the right to work isn't a human and civil right, the judge wrote icily, "the United States Supreme Court disagrees": he quoted from *Truax* v. *Raich* (1915)—"the right to work for a living in the common occupations of the community is of the very essence of the personal freedom of opportunity that it was the purpose of the [Fourteenth] Amendment to secure."

Judge Dupree wasn't making a pitch for right-to-work laws. He went on to reason that the federal and state governments always have the right to regulate the exercise of any freedom, a right given to Congress e.g. by the Commerce Clause. "Yet government limitation upon the right does not destroy its existence. Rather, the right lives with the constant tension between it and the competing state interest . . . it is with this tension between the right to work and the competing state interest [that] the plaintiff's litigation is primarily concerned."

I myself am the beneficiary of the legal agitation of the Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, which after seven years assured my right (and others'), without having to join a union, to express my views over television and radio. The IRS is retroactively arguing that the limitation was unrelated to the exercise of human and civil rights.

In all the noisomeness of the Watergate years, the most noxious smell of all issued from the famous memorandum by John Dean in which he counseled that the Administration should "maximize its incumbency." In plain words, that was understood: "Get the IRS to punish our enemies." It would be good to see Congress, so alert to the excesses of the Nixon Administration, call in the Commissioner of Internal Revenue and ask who gave the IRS the bright idea to play Mickey Mouse with the law, in order to please the enemies of the law. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSI

DEFINITIONS

A. England's largest national depository

27 19 25 36 63 13 267 2 87 276

73 113 145

B. A method of hotel operation in the U.S.

37 28 58 69 229 241 11 33 263 94

120 139

C. An American inventor (1847-1931)

53 8 18 43 50 215 244 251 150 178

184 189 211 223 259 265

D. An instrument used by physicians

61 90 99 110 119 126 12 79 84 65

106

E. An entrance between Alberta and British Columbia

198 62 93 103 112 141 143 151 273 52

74 89 234 243

F. One by-product of a cow + another = a third

173 57 97 114 210 242 166 14 188 220

G. To contend against

181 129 70 96 268 204

H. Quick to learn or understand

231 10 20 67 85 111 117 170 262 29

212 221

I. Petroleum

4 9 56 72 80 98 1

J. Another name for the European Economic Community; not a store in Boston

266 21 64 155 175 179 201 35 75 138

159 163

K. A part of many church services

274 49 82 202 235 239 250 252 121 134

137 144 169 177 196 225 34

L. Singular men in a lodge

15 104 197 236 247 260 174 182 5 26

M. Illuminated for sports after dark

17 30 60 76 86 148 217 171 186 193

205 246

N. One name for a painting by Rembrandt

71 46 78 107 109 124 131 142 216 3

42 88 133

O. Stole

7 40 47 55 116 23 31

P. One kind of lie

101 92 230 237 132 24 264 226 258

Q. A peculiarity of conduct

115 39 45 91 183 195 207 224 232 238

255 222

R. Remarkable

123 95 125 233 22 136 147 152 164 248

S. State of not sticking together

187 16 100 128 153 165 214 228 245 272

172

T. True surname of Peter Parley (1793-1860)

240 176 194 275 157 81 209 227

U. Tricked by Robin?

256 140 149 180 108 32 51 253 249 269

V. Pertaining to a philosophy that has the Almighty as the focal point

83 54 154 200 161 191 271 68 105 122

130

W. Slang for a lawyer

135 146 203 127 168 59 41 254 185 257

X. A city east of Tabriz, Iran

160 219 44 190

Y. An expert orator

206 162 208 218 66 118 270 167 6 38

48

Z. A type of airplane seat

213 77 261 199 158 102 156 192

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the end of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

Note: Bold black lines instead of boxes indicate the ends of words for this puzzle only.

See page 310 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 I	2 A	3 N	4 I	5 L	6 Y	7 O	8 C	9 I	10 H	11 B	12 D	13 A	14 F	15 L	16 S	17 M	18 C
19 A	20 H	21 J	22 R	23 O	24 P	25 A	26 L	27 A	28 B	29 H	30 M	31 O	32 U	33 B	34 K	35 J	36 A	37 B	38 Y
39 Q	40 O	41 W	42 N	43 C	44 X	45 Q	46 N	47 O	48 Y	49 K	50 C	51 U	52 E	53 C	54 V	55 O	56 I	57 F	58 B
59 W	60 M	61 D	62 E	63 A	64 J	65 D	66 Y	67 H	68 V	69 B	70 G	71 N	72 I	73 A	74 E	75 J	76 M	77 Z	78 N
79 D	80 I	81 T	82 K	83 V	84 D	85 H	86 M	87 A	88 N	89 E	90 D	91 Q	92 P	93 E	94 B	95 R	96 G	97 F	98 I
99 D	100S	101P	102Z	103E	104L	105V	106D	107N	108U	109N	110D	111H	112E	113A	114F	115Q	116O	117H	118Y
119D	120B	121K	122V	123R	124N	125R	126D	127W	128S	129G	130V	131N	132P	133N	134K	135W	136R	137K	138J
139B	140U	141E	142N	143E	144K	145A	146W	147R	148M	149U	150C	151E	152R	153S	154V	155J	156Z	157T	158Z
159J	160X	161V	162Y	163J	164R	165S	166F	167Y	168W	169K	170H	171M	172S	173F	174L	175J	176T	177K	178C
179J	180U	181G	182L	183Q	184C	185W	186M	187S	188F	189C	190X	191V	192Z	193M	194T	195Q	196K	197L	198E
199Z	200V	201J	202K	203W	204G	205M	206Y	207Q	208Y	209T	210F	211C	212H	213Z	214S	215C	216N	217M	218Y
219X	220F	221H	222Q	223C	224Q	225K	226P	227T	228S	229B	230P	231H	232Q	233R	234E	235K	236L	237P	238Q
239K	240T	241B	242F	243E	244C	245S	246M	247L	248R	249U	250K	251C	252K	253U	254W	255Q	256U	257W	258P
259C	260L	261Z	262H	263B	264P	265C	266J	267A	268G	269U	270Y	271V	272S	273E	274K	275T	276A		

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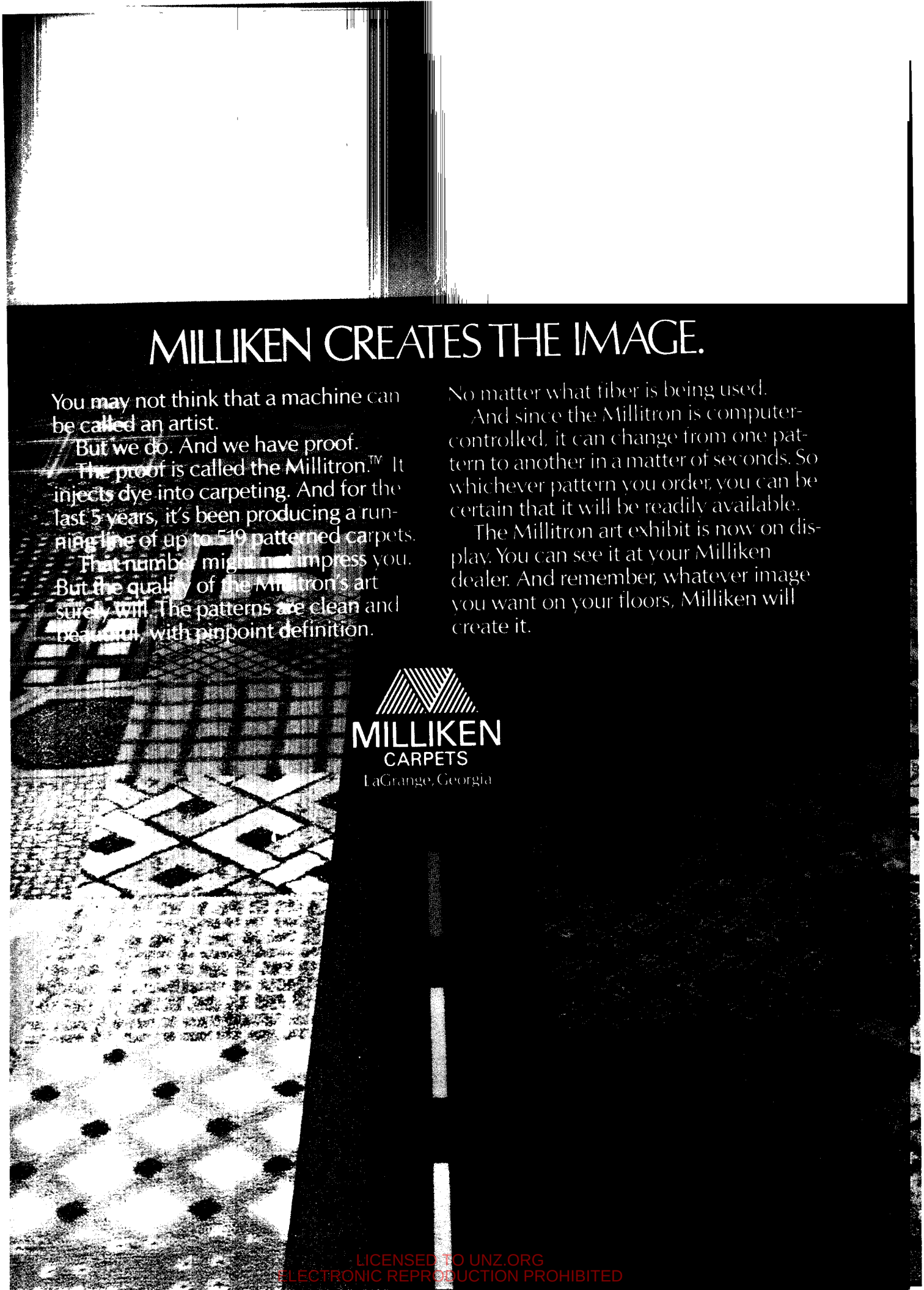

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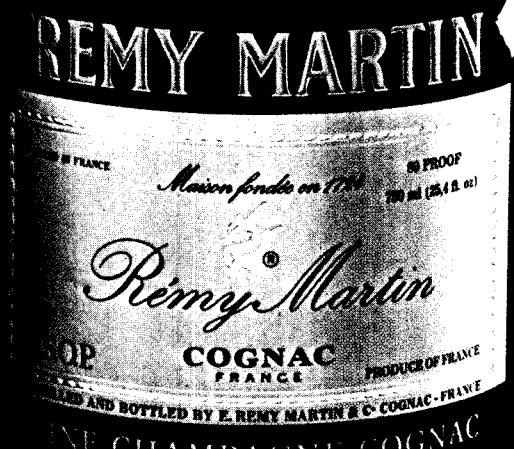

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